BRIGADIER MARGETTS

will visit and conduct some

Old - Fashioned, Soul - Saving Campaigns

AT:

VERNON—Tuesday and Wednesday, February 6th and 7th.
VANCOUVER—Friday, February 9th.
NANAIMO—Saturday to Wednesday, February 10th to 14th.
VICTORIA—Friday, Saturday and Sunday, February 16th, 17th and 18th.
VANCOUVER—Monday and Tuesday, February 19th and 20th.

UNIFORM and PUBLICATIONS will be on hand at the close of each meeting.

The Social Limelight Tour

IN THE

EASTERN PROVINCE.

Adjt. MANTON and Capt. WATSON

are visiting the under-mentioned places with their Limelight scenes of Darkest England and Mrs. Booth's Memorial Service, and are delivering at each place a stock of "Grace-before-Meat" Boxes. Local agents will be appointed at each corps. Will you help feed and clothe Lazarus? They will visit:

ANNAPOLIS—Thursday and Friday, February 8th and 9th.
YARMOUTH—Saturday, Sunday and Monday, February 10th, 11th and 12th.
DIGBY—Tuesday and Wednesday, February 13th and 14th.
ST. JOHN III.—Thursday and Friday, February 15 and 16th.
ST. JOHN 1.—Saturday, Sunday and Monday, February 17th, 18th and 19th.
ST. JOHN V.—Tuesday and Wednesday, February 20th and 21st.
ST. JOHN II.—Thursday and Friday, February 22nd and 23rd.

Holiness unto the Lord!

MRS. BRIGADIER DE BARRITT,

assisted by Mrs. Adjutant Jower, Mrs. Captain Phillips and other city officers, has received her

HOLINESS MEETINGS

every Friday afternoon, in the Temple, at 3 o'clock. You are earnestly invited to be present and assist at these blessed gatherings.

OFFICERS PLEASE NOTE!

Orders for Goods under One Dollar must include Postage, otherwise the value of Postage will be deducted when possible, or the Order will stand over till Postage is paid.

Please remember this when ordering Goods, and oblige

THE TRADE SECRETARY.

SPECIAL OFFER!

For the Next Six Weeks Only

WE WILL SELL OUR

$19.00 Irish Serge Suits at **$18.00**

net. Send in your order at once if you want to take this opportunity.

If our stock should be sold out by that time we cannot continue the offer.

SUITS! PANTS! TUNICS! ULSTERS!

GOODS	SUITS	PANTS	TUNIC	ULSTER
F.E. Corkscrew	$20.00	$7.00	$13.00	$20.00
F. & Irish Serge	20.00	7.00	13.00	20.00
C.N. Knightsbrge	19.00	6.50	12.50	19.00
W. Worsted	19.00	6.50	12.50	19.00
F.W. "	19.00	6.50	12.00	19.00
M.E. Irish Serge	19.00	6.00	12.50	19.00
M.A. Force "	19.00	6.50	12.50	19.00
F. I. Irish "	18.00	6.00	12.00	18.00
T. English "	18.00	6.00	12.00	18.00
N. " "	17.00	5.50	11.50	17.00
F.I. " "	17.00	5.50	11.50	17.00
B.W. Worsted	17.00	5.50	11.50	17.00
Y. Canadian Serge	10.00	3.25	6.75	—
Q. English "	11.00	3.50	7.50	—
Y.W. Worsted	11.00	3.50	7.50	11.00

Trimmings for Bandsmen $2.50 per suit extra. (Pants, 60c.; Tunic, $1.90.)

RAINPROOFS FOR MEN AND WOMEN

Made to Order at $7.50, $8.00, $9.00 and $9.50
Ready Made Women's Rainproofs at - $4.50

. . A SERIES . .

— OF —

THREE SPECIAL HOLINESS MEETINGS

WILL BE HELD IN THE

Young Women's Christian Association Hall,

On Elm Street, Toronto,

ON THE EVENINGS OF **FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 9th, 16th & 23rd,**

Commencing at 8 o'clock.

COMMANDANT and MRS. BOOTH,

ASSISTED AS FAR AS POSSIBLE BY

Brigadier and Mrs. Holland

and MAJOR COMPLIN,

(late of Australia) our newly-appointed War Cry Editor, will conduct these gatherings.

Staff-Captains FRIEDRICH, FRY, STREETON and JEWER, Headquarters and Social Staff, Officers and Soldiers of the Temple and Yorkville Corps and numbers of other Christians, Auxiliaries and Friends especially invited.

A Hearty Invitation to All.

THE HEAVENLY GALES WILL BLOW, COME EXPECTING.

A BIG BLAZE!

Can be produced by using

COAL AND WOOD

bought at our woodyard. TELEPHONE 761 or 1444, corner of Wilton Avenue and Victoria. Kindling, 7 Crates $1.00. Coal—Current price. Branch office—Lippincott and Ulster.

OVERCOATS and ULSTERS.

GOODS.	OVER-COAT.	CAPE.	ULSTER WITH CAPE.
C.N. ..... Nap	$11 50	$3 50	$11 50
F.C. ..... Melton	11 50	4 00	13 50
F.W. ..... "	12 00	4 50	13 00
A. ..... "	12 00	4 50	13 00
A. ..... Beaver	16 00	7 00	21 00
A. ..... Melton	16 00	4 50	20 00
F.P. ..... Beaver	20 00	5 00	27 00
F.P. ..... "	20 00	5 50	31 00
A.K. ..... "	19 00	5 50	27 00
Q. ..... Melton	20 00	5 00	31 00
Q. ..... Beaver	18 00	4 00	18 00

N. B.—If Overcoat with Cape is desired add first and second columns together. Orders are made with short Cape; if a Long Cape is desired an extra charge from $1 to $1.50 will be made.

FUR CAPS!

We have a good selection of Wedge and Beaver Caps at low prices.

Fur Caps (P. L. pieced) ONLY - - $2.00
(THIS IS INDEED A RARE BARGAIN.)

Half Persian Lamb at - - $3.50 and $4.00
Persian Lamb at - $5, $5.50, $6, $6.50 and $7

BUY QUICK!

We cannot sell so cheap when the present stock is exhausted, we have to make an advance.

TESTAMENTS

At 20c., 30c., 40c., 45c., 50c., 55c., 60c. and 75c.

BIBLES

Small, medium and large sizes, with and without references, and Teachers' Bibles, at: 40c., 70c., 75c., $1.00, $1.20, $1.40, $1.50, $1.75, $2.00, $2.50, $3.00, $4.50, $5.50, $7.00 and $8.00.

CORPS BIBLES,

Large Print and Good Binding - - $3.00 each.

Local Officers and Soldiers

Offers are desirous of distributing good literature in prisons, hospitals, asylums and among the poor. Write to us for special price for back numbers of *All the World*.

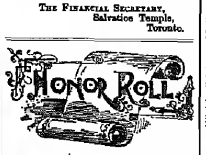
THANKS!

X X X, Belleville, kindly donates $4.00 towards the Rescue Work.

MONEY TO LOAN.

Friends having large or small amounts to loan, at low interest, on good security, should write at once to

THE FINANCIAL SECRETARY,
Salvation Temple,
Toronto.



100 AND OVER.

! ! ! ! !

75 AND OVER.

50 AND OVER.

Mrs. Capt. Savage, Platon	57
Lieut. Pugh, Belleville	60
Sergt. Mrs. Bateman, Stratford (No. 1)	57
Capt. Wiseman, Richmond St. (No. 1)	55

40 AND OVER.

Capt. Wiseman, Richmond St. (No. 1)	46
Lieut. Tucker, Hiverton	41

30 AND OVER.

Lieut. M. Gillis, Kempttville	37
Sergt. N. Hoyt, Belleville	37
Sergt. Mrs. Bateman, Stratford (No. 1)	33
Candidate Hands, Stratford	32

20 AND OVER.

Capt. Banks, Harcourt	23
Sergt. Hunter, Paris	21
Sergt. J. Baldwin, Stratford	20

Our Honor Roll is indeed scant. Possibly the boomer forgot to send in their names. Just, by the, is about the only sin in the cloud of disparagement, and a poor sin it is too, for we cannot understand soldiers selling a good number of Cry's and not trying to encourage others by having their names on the Honor Roll. Don't look at it like that, eh? Then you might take the blind leap as a postcard when you have done anything in the War Cry selling line worth reporting. Keep time of the send-here of indifference, and boom the Cry!

MUSICIANS!

We will send three different back numbers of the *Musical Salvationist* on receipt of 10c., or ten on receipt of 25c.

Central Ontario Province.

The Headquarters for the Central Ontario Province is, corner Lippincott and Ulster Streets. The Post Office to which all monies will be made payable, is 464 Bloor Street, Toronto.

LOST FRIENDS' COLUMN.

To the Distressed.

The Salvation Army invites parents, relations and friends, in any part of the World, who have lost a woman or girl who is known, or feared to be living in immorality, or is in danger of coming under the control of unsexed persons, to write, stating full particulars, with names, dates and addresses of all concerned, and, if possible, a photograph of the person in whom the interest is taken.

We shall charge 50 cents for two advertisements (or cents for one) of not more than five lines each. One dollar will be charged for anything above this and not exceeding ten lines. This is necessary to pay expenses of time and printing.

We are prepared to receive inquiries from any person. The *fullest possible information* will always be given in correspondence relating to these inquiries so as to avoid disappointment and expense. The number of an advertisement should in every case be quoted.

All letters to be prepaid and strictly confidential, and could be addressed to HERBERT H. BOOTH, Commissioner, 2 A. Temple, Albert St., Toronto, with the word "Inquiry" on the corner of the envelope.

NOTE.—Don't forget that the sum of fifty cents must be paid when each case before it can be dealt with. This will save much trouble.

Persons making inquiries for lost friends through our Inquiry Department will find it a great help if they are posted in the *item of changing their address.* This is most important.

1271 **Dickson, Alexander.** Formerly of Newkirton, Scotland. Left Glasgow September, 1891, for Victoria, B.C. Wrote his wife from there, and is wagering 100 miles in northwest. Had previously been employed cutting for a new railroad to be made in New Westminster, B.C. Age 44, fair moustache, height 5 feet 6 inches, stout build. Wife anxious.

1272 **Chatterton, John.** Native of Kingston, London. Enlisted in 1856 in the 44th Regiment. Afterwards served in the 60th, 83rd and 23rd Regiments. Was discharged from the latter at Chambly, Canada East, on September 30th, 1865. Had apparently the intention of remaining in Canada. Age 56, black hair, hazel eyes, medium height. His sister is anxious for news. U.S. Cry please copy.

1273 **Cope, Samuel.** Left Ashcroft, near Doncaster, Lincolnshire, about 42 years ago in company with a large company named Dellamore, on going to America. Has visited Toronto, Quebec, Montreal, Hamilton, etc. Had fair hair, bald kind of head, complexion, height 5 feet 7 inches. Wife, Elizabeth Caroline Stephens. U.S. Cry please copy.

1274 **Churchill, Sydney John.** Supposed have sailed in the "Oregon" somewhere about June, 1891, from Liverpool. Last postal address was Victoria, B.C. Age about 21, very dark, heavy moustache, tall, broad shoulders. Information earnestly requested. U.S. Cry please copy.

1275 **Thomas, David Rees.** Left Gwenlan Villas, Manchester, about thirteen years ago for Canada. When last heard of was working in Mr. Rowan's Flining Shop, Canada. Age between 19 and 23, auburn hair, height 5 feet. Sister anxious.

1276 **Lenhat, William John.** Age 24. Left home five years ago. Last heard of in New York. Height 5 feet, rather good looking. Has had gun pin. If he will write to his parents, Jersey Meeting Road, St. Johns, Nfld., he will hear something to his advantage. U.S. Cry please copy.

1278 **Scford, Alexander.** A native of Ballymagarth, Ireland. Last heard of eight years ago in Sydney, Australia. Any information gratefully received at 201 Victoria Street, Toronto. Australian and New Zealand Cry's please copy.

1277 **Sanders, Richard Hart.** Left home four or five years ago. Last heard of about four years ago, then living at 527 Church Street, Toronto, as Mr. Chandler. Supposed to have gone to Chicago or Buffalo. Used to drive An engine in a leather factory. Age 27, very fair, light hair, height 5 feet 7 inches. His wife is very anxious for news. U.S. Cry please copy.

1279 **Crosse, Harriet Ann.** Left her home in Pembroke, Ont., a few weeks ago. Supposed to be in Toronto. Age 18 years, height 5 feet 7 inches, light brown hair, fair complexion. Her mother is very anxious to know where she is. Address as above.

1282 **McCormick, James.** Left Fort Chalmers, New Zealand, for London, on the ship, "Duke of Sutherland," about eighteen months ago. He always attends the Salvation Army meetings when on shore. Age 21, height 5 feet 9 inches, fair complexion. His sister is very anxious. English Cry please copy.

THANKS.

The Commissioner desires to gratefully acknowledge the following Gifts and Donations towards the Social Wing:

TORONTO RESCUE HOUSE.—Twelve small loaves of bread; 14 dozen brooms; Cash, 50c.; 12 quarts of oatmeal; 3 bushels potatoes; 9 bushels carrots.

TORONTO, WINDSOR STREETER.—Laughlin Bros., ten; H. and C. Blackford, $1.

TORONTO COTTAGE HOSPITAL.—Four loaves of bread; 24 loaves; 24 rolls; 3 dozen cakes; 4 sugar; 3 carrots; 10 turnips; 4 beans; beef bones; 4 turnips; 3 cabbages; 6 loaves; 9 buns; Jas. J. Ward.

LONDON SIDING HOUSE.—T. McCormick, $1; John Labatt, $1; Mrs. Baldwin, $1; Mr. Bowman, 50c.; Lawson & Jones, 50c.; Mr. Gill, 50c.; Jas. J. Ward, 50c.; Age, 50c.; J. A. Rose, 50c.; Mr. Hayes, 50c.; Amy Blakemore, 25c.; Mrs. Wood, 25c.; Mr. Gillespie, O'Keefe's Brewery, 25c.; Mr. Bennett, $2 worth of bread tickets; Mr. Boustead, ten; Mr. Barber, bread; Mr. Collin, box of berries; Mr. McCutcheon, vinegar; Mr. Foster, barrel of apples; Mr. Rogers, cakes; Mrs. Foster, barrel of apples; Doctors Mitchell, McCallum and Lepper, drugs.

WESTERN RESCUE HOUSE.—Lieutenant Thomas, $2; Miss Gunn, 50c.; Mr. Ferguson, 50c.; Mr. Goldsmith, 50c.; Mrs. Jones, 25c.; Mrs. Hooper, 25c.; collected, $1.50; Mrs. Simpson, 25c.; Mr. Stevenson, 25c.; Mr. Hussey, provisions; Brewer Carrick, bread; Hunter and Mitchell, 2 loaves; Mr. Gibson and Sons; Bateman & Co., Mac-ite; Friends, vegetables.

THE WAR CRY

AND OFFICIAL GAZETTE OF THE SALVATION ARMY IN CANADA AND NEWFOUNDLAND.

VOL. X. No. 20. [WILLIAM BOOTH, General of the S. A. Forces throughout the world.] TORONTO, FEB. 17, 1894. [HERBERT H. BOOTH, Commissioner for Canada and Newfoundland.] PRICE 5 CENTS.

WITHOUT GOD, OR WITH GOD.

BY COMMISSIONER BOOTH-CLIBBORN.

The human being is so constituted intellectually and morally that he must have some kind of a hope. He cannot live without it, whether a right hope or a wrong one, a hope of some kind he must have. Hope is the mainspring of every effort, the soul of every enterprise. Ceasing to hope is the first step to ceasing to live.

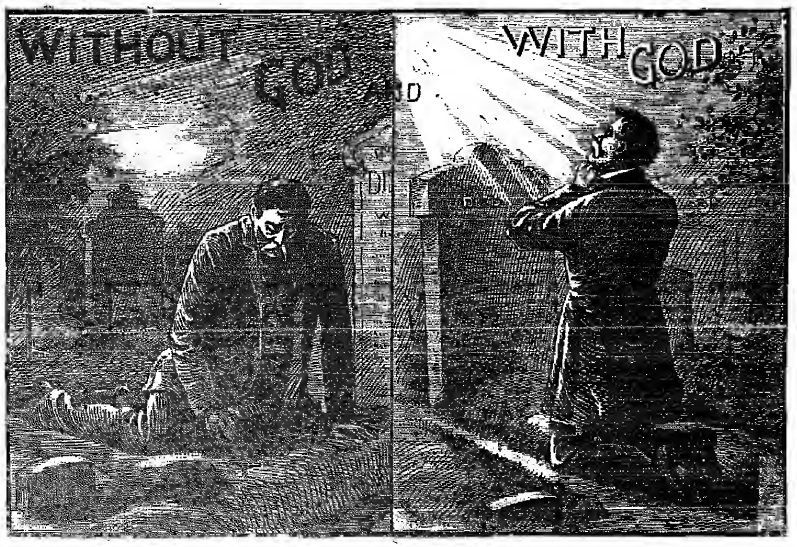
But we go further! Man is so constituted morally and spiritually that a *spiritual* hope is equally a necessity to him. His soul claims, demands as its mainspring, a radiant eternal hope, whose very nature is bounded by a few feet of ground! So with the worldling who lives only for himself, forgetful of God and humanity; so with the sinner who thinks only of earthly enjoyments of the passing hour, forgetful of heaven and eternity. All that they see is that narrow bit of earth at their feet. Oh, how shallow, how mischievous and misleading are their hopes!

But what sees the man who raises his head and looks upwards into the bright blue sky on the starry night? His vision plunges into the infinite, and finds neither limit or boundary. It is the same with the man who hopes in God, who lays up treasures in heaven, who fights for the salvation of the people of the world who have experienced its fulness—the natural consequence of the lives they lead—grow irritated against God, against mankind, against everybody and everything—give themselves up to despair. And, alas, they know no other remedy for their despondency than to drink more deeply of the very fountains from whence their sorrows have come! They fling themselves into the whirlpool to seek oblivion.

But on the other hand, what can be more edifying, what more instructive, than to see those who have the hope of a glorious immortality "laying up their treasure in heaven," concentrating all their energies for the advancement of the Kingdom of God? What more inspiring than to see the courage and resignation with which they endure the most direful of earthly experiences? Accustomed to walk in the light of His Holy Spirit, to contemplate everything in the light of eternity, and from God's standpoint, to value things solely in their relation to the Kingdom of God and to the Word of God, they pass onward with a confidence healthful and holy. If on the one side they suffer as the sons of men, on the other they triumph as the sons of God. Despair can never unfold its gloomy opinions in the world of light which they inhabit.

"My soul, hope thou in God."

What happens to the man who bows his head and looks at the earth? His horizon



What is left to him now: "Nothing but Graves."

"I am the Resurrection and the Life."

becomes so narrow, where I can go and weep!" Nothing more!

But should it be possible for a man created in the image of his God to cry: "Nothing more?"

Is there nothing for us but that which is perishable? Is there not something from above, higher, purer and more durable? Are there not superior blessings, the possession of which can bring *consolation* for the loss of those which are inferior? Is there not a spiritual world, where the children of God shall surely meet again their loved ones who have died in the Lord?

Is it not true that often in the destruction of our earthly hopes God constrains us to place them in things, heavenly and spiritual? Is not the *inferior* always sacrificed to the superior? Is not that the universal law? For instance, is not man always ready to sacrifice everything he has to save his life? Is not the mineral sacrificed to the vegetable, the vegetable to the animal, and the animal to mankind? I repeat, is not the inferior always sacrificed to the superior?

And man also, should he not force his physical nature to bend and yield to his intellectual and spiritual nature? and consequently, should not those hopes and aspirations which inspire him as an immortal soul have priority over all other hopes, to dominate and sanctify him?

What is despair? Is it not simply the natural reaction from false hopes? What is more saddening than to see thousands of

of the world, and who awaits a glorious immortality! His heroism and his hopes are infinite.

Reader, which of these two resembles yourself?

* * *

The evening of the nineteenth century is remarkable for the rapidity with which its people strive at despair and suicide.

That it is but natural, for in no preceding century has man shown such a spirit of independence in regard to God. Never has he soared so high in his pride and folly, and never has he fallen so low; never has man shown such cowardice in face of the disappointments incident to human affairs; never has he rushed so quickly to suicidal acts.

The depth of the fall is always equal to the height of the position. When the flimsy aerial apparatus of man's self-made happiness has soared to the loftiest regions of pride and independance, and the inevitable collapse comes with cruel irony, then truly awful is the fall.

* * *

As we have said, despair is but the reaction from fatuous hopes. Every hope conceived without regard for divine law, every confidence placed by fallen man in self, is nothing but another seed of despair. "That which ye sow that also shall ye reap," said the richer the soil into which such seed is sown the larger the faithful harvest will come prompt and abundant.

The soil of this century is rich in science and in devices for worldly pleasure. Man's life is rapid, even in despair, and it is not a rare thing to see even children commit suicide. Have we not recently seen a boy of eleven—just as school boy—preparing himself solemnly for death, making his last will and testament in methodical manner, in the which in ten points he recounts his disappointments, indicates his last wishes, and explains that, tired of life, and convinced that there was neither God nor an existence beyond the grave he had resolved to end his day.

That was a nineteenth century child.

The cause of despair is sin, unbelief and ignorance of God. Whosoever knows God and puts his trust in Him can never despair. Despair cannot survive in the divine light. It is a thing belonging essentially to moral darkness.

It is an element of corruption. It is a miasmatic microbe generated in the marshmuse of the human heart—a germ of death that cannot live in the atmosphere of grace and grace alone can destroy it.

It is the companion of death, the child of estrangement from God. It is one of the members of the dark family of the fall. If you listen a moment to the talk of him who despairs you will quickly ascertain that he does not take God into account at all.

To harbor despair the human heart must close itself to the grace of God, despise His promises, doubt His power. Thus promises of God are adapted to every circumstance of man's life, applicable to every case; they annihilate every excuse, they disarm every doubt.

"The goodness of God endureth for ever."

* * *

It is always at their culminating point that the grace of God and the helplessness of man meet together. At Calvary the love of God at its apogee responded to the hatred of man its apogee.

What is the remedy for absolute boundless despair? The absolute boundless grace of God. It is at the moment when man feels himself most unworthy that salvation is reserved for him. It is at the moment when the drowning man, exhausted by his futile efforts, ceases to struggle, that the arms of his preserver find it easiest to rescue him.

Look at the despairing position of the thief upon the cross! Behold him condemned, bound, crucified, raised between earth and heaven, delivered up to the anguish of a cruel death, unable to accomplish any "good works," to participate in any "religious ceremonial," to partake of any "sacrament,"—nothing, nothing left him but his helplessness and his sin.

But his sin, in crucifying him, has placed him by the side of Him who was crucified for the salvation of man. One word of real repentance, one of real faith; it was all that was needful as it was all that the helplessness of the poor thief could produce, and it was enough.

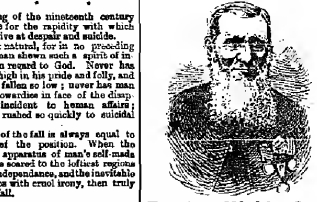
The response of the Saviour was simple, precise and immediate: "This day shalt thou be with Me in Paradise."

* * *

Despairing souls, your despair has pushed you to the very last limit of the strength of man, to the very confines of his power, to the extreme boundary of his hope. It is the frontier.

But the new country is just over the border. The frontier is also that of salvation. There is but one step to take—to the Cross! Hope in God!

ONE OF HER MAJESTY'S VETERANS.



Brother Webb, Calt.

The Chartist Riots—The Guard-Room—Enlisted to Serve Her Majesty 1839, Discharged 1861—"Dicky Misfortune"—Silver Mines—Yellow Fever, etc.—Wrjaking the Chains of Court Martials—Crimean War—Russian Batteries—A Foraging Party—From Her Majesty's Ranks—Ketious Supper—Ordered Home—Chased by a Tomb-Stone—From Bad to Worse—The Storm—Hard Hit—At the Feet of Jesus.

"I was born in Manchester, England, in 1820. I was brought up under the care of good parents.

"During the Chartist riots in 1839 I enlisted in Her Majesty's 20th Regiment, at Stockport, where I was taught the first balmost step of a soldier's life, and it turned out to be the worst step. The guard room often was my solitary home. There were no kind words there, and often I thought of my mother and those I left behind. The cause of my trouble was chiefly

Disobedience of Orders.

I had not been long in the regiment before I wished I was one more freeagain, but as I thought I had become a MAN, I must abide with the bargain that I had made to serve Her Majesty.

"My discharge came when I was stationed at Chatham in 1861. After I enlisted in 1839, I was *first stationed at Ashtoor* under Lyne, then I proceeded to Stockport. Dublin followed, and I was stationed, at Richmond barracks. Years I began to get

Into Trouble Again.

I was a regular "Dicky Misfortune" for getting into scrapes! In about twelve months we were on the march again, this time we went on detachment at Banaghar and Burr, our headquarters being at Athlone. We only remained about nine months when we proceeded onward. My company was then sent off on detachment to the silver mines in Tipperary. Our duty was partly at night during the troublesome times of the Ferrytree.

"Next we took the route for Cork. We were in that garrison but a few months till we embarked for the West Indies. After a voyage in an old tub called a troop ship, after rolling about the Mediteranean, we landed at Bermuda. There we were stationed nearly seven years. During our station we lost a great many of our men by sickness and yallow fever.

"We were released by the 43rd Black-Watch, and we sailed to Halifax on board *H. M. S. Bell.* From Quebec we were ordered further West to Kingston. In about three years we went to Montreal. There I commenced my old games, and was tried by a

District Court Martial

for being absent and having my rifle loaded to go shooting. I got eighty four days in the military prison, and that was no small punishmnnt. I was only released from prison three weeks before I was sent back by the regiment court, Montreal, for thirty days for taking too much whiskey, in fact,

Whiskey was Always the Cause

of my trouble. I was hardened to military punishment, and I got it into my head that I could beat them after all their punishment, but I found out my mistake after different terms. I came to the conclusion to quit fooling with the military authorities. I was glad when we got word for England. It was a great relief to me, for I hid farewell to Canada's whiskey.

"I felt good after I arrived home, having been on foreign service sieven years. I thought I would visit my parents, but I was mistaken, for the Crimean War broke out, and 'Dicky Misfortune' was once more called for the seat of war. From Plymouth we proceded to Constantinople, where we disembarked on account of sickness among the troops, but we did not remain long before we embarked again. A great many of our men died.

"I can glad indeed the morning when the *first pot to sea! It was a glorious sight.* As the first gun fired from the Admiral's ship our noble 1st Division steamed out to sea. We came in sight of a Russian Fort near our place of landing, but they struck their colors and the Fort was easely captured.

"The first night we bivouacked without tents. It rained all night and everything was soaking wet. The following day shone bright, the sun came out to cheer us up for the great undertaking before us—to meet the Russians. We came within range of the Russian batteries at noon, our sharp shooters along the *Black Sea* on our right flank. We commenced action by firing shell and rockets into the enemies possessions, whilst the grand advance was made by

The Whole British and French Troops.

Then the dirty work began and many a poor fellow fell in defence of his country. A great many of our ranks were then cut down. We formed our camp in front of Sebastapol and prepared for a bombardment of that stronghold.

"Some days before our Light cavalry charge our right wing was *difficulty* from the trenches until 12 or 1 o'clock, and some of the crew of our ship came ashore. It was a general rule to have something in the shape of grog, but we had nothing to entertain them with at that time. I was only first private, so we thought of a plan to raise the wine. We all knew that a Greek had opened a large marquee. So I dressed myself with our Color-Sergeant's cap and a mackintosh. I acted careless and indifferent about things, and we started for the canteen. It was a long way from our camp, but we put on a bold front and asked the proprietor the price of his brandy, port, etc. We came to an agreement that he should supply our officers mess. (Mind you this was a flogging matter if we had been caught.) To make things look better I asked my men if they would take something. That looked well in the Greek's eyes to see an officer treat his men. Then they answered with a good military salute, so I told the proprietor to give them. To make a long story short we filled five bags with different articles of provisions and liquor. I started the men, but I remained behind to settle. It was agreed that the canteenner should come with me to one tent for payment, but as he was putting out his candles, as it was getting late, and the last light he had stood at the tent door in a tub of water, I put a dissling light. As soon as he had put his last candle out I made for the door, I knocked out this light and left us in darkness. I assure you I made tracks for our camp, but we had a good feed that night and

Went to the Trenches Pretty Fall.

The Greek came the next day to our camp to make his complaint, so as the output of it all, our Adjutant, for his satisfaction, paraded all the men then off duty, but could find no clue to the foraging party. We made up our mind how to act when we returned from the trenches on fix things. We got well prepared for we knew that there would be a parade as soon as we arrived in camp. At the time I had a long beard and a whisker on my upper lip. We determined to disfigure ourselves. I cut off my long beard close to my chin. It was not long before we heard our Major calling the Orderly-Sergeant to fall his men in for inspection. My gang took their places. When we saw the Adjutant coming, gave the Greek with him, we thought our last day was now, for we were

Guilty of Bare-Faced Robbery.

As they came they stood still for a few seconds. The Adjutant asked him if I was one of them, when he made some remarks regarding my long beard that was missing. After the Major had gone the Adjutant called me to the front. The Adjutant said he knew that we were the guilty parties, but he would let us go this time.

"On Sunday we were called out to proceed to Inkorman. This was the heaviest battle I ever saw during my service. I got pretty badly cut on that day.

My Wounds Had Not Healed,

so I was sent first to Malta, then to England. I was promoted to the rank of Corporal. I landed at Southampton. Orders came to proceed to London to appear before Her Majesty the Queen. She placed in my hand the Crimean medal. I got three months furlough. To my sorrow I found a good many of my relations gone to their long home.

"India followed on. The Indian mutiny had broken out. We landed at Calcutta. Then we marched for two days under the hot, scorching sun to our first encounter with the mutinous Sepoys. As they were entrenched in a good position they showed fight. We did not spare; our men killed every one. Then we went forward, but on the march we came across some queer sights. We saw one of our poor lines hung up by his feet, with his skin hanging far below his head. He must have been flayed alive. During these actions we had our share of the dead, there were so many left in the field. It was the most dreadful piece of music I ever heard when night came on to hear the wild animals fighting and snarling over the dead.

"We woot on to Lucknow. I saw the well where so many poor women and children were thrown in by those blood-thirsty Sepoys. We encountered the enemy again on the open plain close to a village; then we had pretty sharp work before night.

At last orders came for every man who had completed twenty-one years to come home. So I returned to England. I was stationed in Chatham. I got my discharge and my pension, a small sum of one shilling per day. I went to Portsmouth, and got a situation in Haslor Hospital as warder in the lunatic department. There I took to drinking more beer. I was then appointed guard in one of Her Majesty's prisons; but that did not suit me.

My daughter died, and asked I had to promise her to quit fighting and drinking. I said I would, but in five weeks my promise was broken, for there was a big fight, and

I Bet all the Money

I could get, and lost it all. I started for home—three miles. This was about twelve or one o'clock. As I came by the cemetery gate, the moon went under a cloud, then I thought of my poor girl till I imagined I saw the tombstones coming after me. Death as I was I supposed it was all over with me. I started to run as fast as I could go. I ran till I fell. I turned and went through a hedge, and getting through the first hedge I lost my hat, and my coat was near torn off, but worst of all the thorns tore my face and left me bleeding, and almost sober.

After I was discharged from the British service I worked in H. M. ship yard, Chatham, and other places, until I left the old sod to try to do better.

I came to America. It was there I got acquainted with some real old-fashioned bums. My poor wife thought I had turned over a new leaf. The beer and whiskey came in freely. I began to be looked upon as a complete terror to all my neighbors. Often the ministers of the village would try to get me to do better, but I took very little notice of them, in fact, I began to think myself that there was no hope for me; so things went from bad to worse. At last I gave up all hopes of ever being fit for society. Whiskey was all I thought of; drink was my god, my bible.

One time after I had been in the "cooler" the Reeve tried me and imposed a fine. The fine was paid, and that day

My Name was Stuck Up

in every liquor store in Hamburg, forbidding *them to supply me* with the drink. I thought that was a settler, but I got it for all that.

One Sunday I had some work to do. I received ten dollars, so I thought I would give my old woman five; but I went on a great tear that blessed day. Being Sunday I was ashamed to go through the village, so I took the back way through the bush, thinking I would get into our stable before any of our family saw the old man.

I would ask my wife for twenty-five cents to get some nails or something else, and go and spend the money in whiskey. Many times I would not have as much as two buttons to rub together, and wanted to get an eye-opener. I believe I would have fought with my own father if he came out of the grave. I thought I was through with the whiskey, but I broke outas bad as ever, making things fly.

One night I was filling up in the Central Hotel. I asked the whiskey-slinger if that was a hard coming, and he said it was. I left Salvation Army. I took another drink before I went to hear what they had to say. I thought they were brute to be kneeling in the mud, I thought they had

The Right Ring about Them;

so I followed them down to the barracks. It seemed to me that they were the people for me. I listened to them, but how miserable I was when they read the lesson about Christ dying for the poor drunkard. As soon as I got a chance I made for the door, but on my way out Brother McDougal stopped me. That hit me hard. I went over to the Queen's for a drink, but when I got to the step, I said, "No," turned away, and went home. I do not remember praying before, except in the battlefield, when I was wounded and lay all night and thought I was going to die. The Captain asked me to pray. I did not know how. All I said was, "Dear Lord, if you will forgive me my trespasses against You, and take the appetite for drink from me, I will serve You the remainder of my life." Thank God, it was done that night. I wept like a child, I was so glad. I was just turned seventy years old when I was converted.

J. B. BEALL.

Orangeville.

We have got good cows to tell this week;

ONE PRECIOUS SOUL CRIED FOR MERCY,

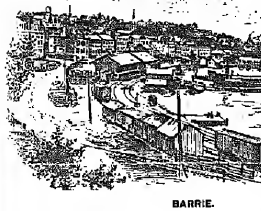
and I believe she got what she came after. Although the fight is hard in some ways, yet God gives us the victory. We have lost one of the oldest soldiers in the corps—Sister Lucy has gone to the North-West. May God make her a blessing out there. Yours, living at Jesus' feet,—Sergeant-Major CORBETT.

Staff-Captain Jower has seen nine years of service, and declared that the people of Ontario Province may depend upon him being true to God. One seeker for salvation came to the front at the close. God bless Stroud!

BARRIE.

Barrie is without doubt one of the tautest places visited on the tour of the new crusaders.

Barrie is a place of many churches, whose slender, hurelshed spires blaze in the rays of the sun. It has wide, regular streets, well and tastefully built residences, and many attractively arranged shops.



BARRIE.

At Barrie in the early days of salvation warfare there was a most

Remarkable Ingathering of Souls.

Major Bromner, a genius in financial affairs in the old country, was captured here, and as a result of the good work done Barrie occupies a unique place as recruiting ground *for officers of the Army.*

Barrie town hall was secured for the Commandant's two meetings at three and seven p. m. On both occasions enormous crowds assembled and successful seasons were enjoyed.

The Commandant rallied the huge congregation at night with

A Thrilling Military Story.

On a celebrated field of battle one of the bravest regiments of British infantry had advanced in the attack till they were in a most perilous position, and being ploughed up with the artillery of the enemy. The Scotch Guards were ordered to cover their retreat. At the command to charge every man sat his saddle, firmly gripped his weapon, tightened his huge bolmet, and with the ringing battle cry of

'Scotland for Ever'

dashed at the jaws of death. And it runs were so wide awake to their business how much more should we be, cried the Commandant, who are engaged in a battle, the issues of which are eternal! With such like repeated charge and exhortations the evening meeting progressed.

After at the door keeper shouted "Will you kindly sing, Commandant, there are about three hundred people waiting at the door to come in?"

After commending the door keeper we all sang and in trooped a best of church friends just in time to hear Ensign McGillivray's heart-stirring words.

The Ensign said he would speak the words given him by the Holy Ghost. He could not give just expression to his feelings and always felt it the greatest difficulty to use such an occasion as the present.

He had a Burning Desire

to do the will of God and to be true to the principles of the organization in which he had enlisted, and when the Cross had been too heavy he had been able to seek that grace from God which enabled him to glory in singing: "Anywhere for Jesus."

The Ensign wound up his earnest address with an appeal to the unsaved present to submit to God, and the request that his comrades would pray for him to be kept faithful.

Ensign McGillivray is of Scotch descent, may that Spirit which

Has Made the Name of John Knox

and other Scotch worthies a fragrant odor in Scotch history, continue to produce the same results in the Army.

Comrades Irwine and Lane sang with much feeling; addresses followed from the staff-officers, with the Commandant, and a good prayer-meeting *conducted by Staff-Captain Jower* wound up the day. Including the morning meeting results there were three seekers for holiness and two for pardon.

Foncion Falls.

Since last report we have had the joy of seeing one precious soul come to Jesus. We have had a visit from Captain Rennie Hillery, of the Beacon Work, who gave a very interesting account of it. Also we have had with us Ensign Mrs. Mitchell, with the Lindsay band, for a meeting. The Ensign farewelled, she goes into Indian expedition, which was most thrilling and interesting. We were sorry to bid the Ensign good-bye, but we bid her God-speed wherever she may go.—Captain and Mrs. WALKER.

THE COMMANDANT'S TOUR.

STROUD.

Through Comrade Reynold's kind help the troupe reached Stroud in good time for meeting and a fine congregation rolled up to hear the Commandant and his brigade.

At this meeting Lieutenant Barr was promoted to the rank of Captain, also Adjutant "Move-on" will now be known as Staff-Captain Jower.

One jolly, good-humored friend, who sat half way down the hall declares however, that he received the greatest promotion of all for the Commandant facetiously dubbed him

Charles Spurgeon's Brother.

Staff-Captain Jower has seen nine years of service, and declared that the people of Ontario Province may depend upon him being true to God. One seeker for salvation came to the front at the close. God bless Stroud!

BARRIE.

Barrie is without doubt one of the tautest places visited on the tour of the new crusaders.

Barrie is a place of many churches, whose

A TESTIMONY.

I was with a Christian family, and they often spoke of what God was to them in all the little pleasures, trials and needs of of every-day life; and I saw it was true and real, and my soul was made hungry for what they had. I did not even have a Bible with me, but purchased one, and alone in my little room I talked with God, and He talked with me. The Holy Spirit put such a longing desire in my heart to really know that Christ was my Saviour, and by the very cords of love drew me to Himself. As I opened my new Bible many passages were given by the Spirit, and it seemed as if they were sealed and sent from heaven just for me. I shall never forget those precious words in the fourteenth of John: "I will not leave you comfortless; I will come to you." "Peace I leave to you, my peace I give unto you; not as the world giveth, give I unto you. Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid." In a very simple way I believed His word to me, and, taking Jesus as my Saviour, knew that He accepted me, and that I was "born again." My conversion was clear, definite and settled for over. I was not depending upon any worthiness in myself, but it was all for Jesus' sake.

Stray Thoughts and Sayings.

BY J. H. MERRITT.

I have often heard unsaved people say they loved God, and it seemed strange. But the thought strikes me that, after all, affection is but one trait of the human character, and it may really be a fact that a man does naturally love and respect God for the sake of His principles and laws, or else out of gratitude for some kindnesses received from Him, and yet not have made such a surrender or consecration of his other powers and talents as to receive the love of God in his heart.

* * *

It is one thing to love God in the above sense, and altogether another thing to have that spiritual love which is born of the Spirit of God, and extends to all men, for their soul's sake, as well as uniting one to the *children of God*, without *respect of* persons or creeds, color or race. In the one case the love springs from the human, and is but temporal; in the other case it is of the spiritual, and is eternal. In the first it springs from an individual interest, or because of personal benefit; in the second it is universal, and applies to all men, whether friend or foe.

* * *

A sinner's love for God may find birth under certain circumstances, just as we form friendships in the world by intermingling with others, receiving or showing kindnesses, and so on. But the love of God is transmitted from God to a person's soul by a spiritual birth in the sense that a son's love is created for his parents, i.e., by a partaking of the nature of that parent.

* * *

In case of the sinner, his love is dependent upon his knowledge, as he only learns to love or respect God as he acquires knowledge of Him; in the case of the Christian, the love is born within him, and he loves God naturally, and far beyond his knowledge or conception of Him. The idea is this: My little son has within him a love for me naturally, because he is a partaker of my nature, though at present he is not old enough to understand his love for me, nor even his relationship to me. Of course this applies to his mother also, but apart from her he will never have the same love for any other person in the world. Why? Because this sort of love exists only between the parent and child.

* * *

One thought more, and that is, this love can never be destroyed. We may form and break friendships in the world; we may love one day, and, through some circumstances, hate the next, but we can never destroy within us that tie which binds us to our parents. We may turn from them, dishonor them, even forsake them altogether, but father is father still, mother is mother still, and go where we will, do what we may, the love of father and mother will spring up and rise to them still. So with a child of God. He may turn his back upon Him, put Him to an open shame, deny His Name, become a prodigal, run to the feeding of swine, but he cannot forget the love that God implanted within his breast.

* * *

For this reason, I believe that a backslider is the most miserable person on earth. A sinner knows God only as a God; the backslider knows Father. The sinner loves God as a benefactor; the backslider loves Him as a child loves his parent. And to have this knowledge of God and to be separated from Him, or to have this love within one's heart, and yet to be estranged through disobedience, or by leaving home and wandering into the world and sin, must form within a man or woman's heart who backslides a worse hell on earth than any sinner could ever know.

* * *

In conclusion, how many persons mistake their love for God? And are ignorant of the love of God? What a lot of people have formed a habit of going to church or meeting! They have learned a lot about God; their knowledge has caused them to have a certain love for Him; they have joined the denomination, yes so Christian, are moral, respectable, and all that, and yet are as far from being in reality children of God as a Hottentot, or heathen, or any other sinner. "If we have not the Spirit of God, then are we none of His." How important is it, then, that all should inquire whether they be in the faith or not, lest after having eaten and drunk in His presence, and done many things in His name, we should find we had neglected the one great essential—the birth of the Spirit, and hear Him say: "Depart from me; I never knew you."

Good-Bye, Old Lippincott Training Garrisons.

Sunday, we had good meetings all day, Adjutant Miller was with us for holiness meeting. Ensign farewelled at night, also Lieutenant and the Cadets. We had to say good-bye to Lippincott Garrison, that we love so much, and where we have learned many precious lessons, that no doubt will be profitable to us in our future life. We trust that the Lord will use Ensign in the future in the salvation of many souls as He has in the past. We closed the meeting which the joy of seeing three souls in the fountain.—Cadet M. HILL.

All Night on His Knees at Brandon.

Hallelujah, we are rising! God is moving in our midst. Since last report we have had some good victories, some good cases of salvation and sanctification; one a notable character,

AT AN SALOON KEEPER, WHO HAS SELDOM MEET SOMEBODY FOR THE LAST SEVEN YEARS,

was to convicted by the Spirit of God that he had to get out of bed, and after spending nearly all the night on his knees with God, he arose a new creature in Christ Jesus. Glory be to God! He is doing well, and wants to get his wife saved. We are establishing noontime prayer meetings on every street in the city. They are proving a success. God is blessing the people, and us, too; altogether, we are in for victory. Hallelujah!—Cadet J. W. BARRIE, Brandon Training Garrison.

HALLELUJAH!

Grand Times at the Temple, Toronto.

COMMANDANT AND MRS. BOOTH PRESENT.

Brigadier de Barritt Conducts Unique Open-air Manœuvres.

THE NEW "WAR CRY" EDITOR "BOUNCED."

A Manitoba Marvel—Captain Scott on Jonah—Souls at the Cross.

UNITED HOLINESS MEETING—SUNDAY MORNING.

The most impressive features of the whole service was its SOLEMNITY. It was solid in every way. Solid in doctrine; solid in common sense, solid in appearance, and solid in result.

The soldiers and congregation closed in compactly from the commencement, and settled down four-square to business. The Basement was filled far back—with a large proportion of young men. The Commandant, as usual, was very pointed and succinct. Not one of the speakers testified with an uncertain sound. It seemed impossible for any one to mistake the difference between sanctification and justification.

Mrs. de Barritt prayed that something definite might be done in the meeting. Whilst we sang "Thou hast the power to heal me," there seemed to be a beautiful influence of irresistible earnestness over all the hall.

Staff-Captain Jewer's heart's desire was that we might "launch into the ocean of God's love." Cadet Coolen, one of the Flying Squadron, solved "Tell them all to meet there." "Put in your parts," said the Commandant, with a little digression, describing the great Musical Festival to come next summer, when the Army will muster in full force in

The New Massey Music Hall,

and sing in such a fashion that it would take us from now till June to practice up for it.

So we cleared our throats and chorused away. One brother, however, with closed lips, was brought to book by the Commandant. This brother turned to see if it was the brother behind him, and the Commandant commented on the inexplicable tendency of human nature always to throw the blame on somebody else's shoulders.

The new Editor was introduced by the Commandant, who stated that the Major has already the audacity to style himself a Canadian.

Before reading some verses, the Major said a few words of simple and kindly greeting and good-fellowship, with an allusion to the strange effects of the mists that rise in the Shetlands. How a man who once was walking along the hillside was astonished to see a strange and monstrous form come stalking along, but when he got up to it—lo and behold—it was HIS OWN SHADOW! So now when the new Editor had come within touching distance it was easy to be convinced that he was

No Great Hob Goblin.

Then all the big drums and little drums rumbled and the timbrels jingled in a melodious tumult as we fired a proper volley in welcome to our WAR CRY man.

The Major further described how before he started on his 15,000 miles journey, Commissioner and Mrs. Coombs charged him to carry their love and blessing to Canada—"the land of Clear Skys."

Then another heartfelt volley was fired for Commissioner Coombs and Australia.

Referring to the verses he was reading, including "How shall they that are dead live any longer in sin?" the Major described the uselessness of a material body without the breath that quickens it. However much we may love our dear ones, we can but lay them in the grave when life has departed. Precisely the same law exists in the *spiritual sense*.

He illustrated with a touching little incident of the case of a man who was singled out to fight in the French war. A substitute volunteered to go in his stead. In the heat of the battle it chanced that this substitute was shot dead. The war broke out again, and whilst the man was still in Paris, the recruiting-sergeant wished again to press him into the service. "You cannot touch me," said the man, "I'm *dead!*" Then he explained how his substitute had been

Shot in His Stead.

The fact was proved, and they had no power to lay hands on him. So we, too, have a substitute. There is freedom for us. The law of the Spirit of Life dispels indwelling darkness. Holiness is the life of Christ in us—what else? It isn't for strong-willed people only—no, no, it's for the WEAK-WILLED too.

The Major was once dealing with a man about this question, when he said, "I'd like to, sir, but *I can't get the stamp for it.*"

After the shout of laughter that the Major's speech was concluded in, it was suggested we should give a bumping collection, and a bewildering list of announcements were given out, describing the posting of the different open-air manœuvers.

The Commandant took the platform and poured forth words of earnest enthusiasm of entreaty and admonition to saints and sinners alike.

Brigadier de Barritt prayed that souls might be delivered from the bondage of sin by the power of the Holy Spirit.

It was impossible to protend the meeting on account of the distance many of the soldiers had to go and return before the after-dinner open air.

SUNDAY AFTERNOON.

We might start our report in the approved stereotyped way by saying that everybody came up believing for a happy time, and were not disappointed. We refrain from expressing ourselves so, and will just give the afternoon's doings, leaving our readers to form for themselves an idea of what the meeting was like.

In the first place, the usual

Open-Air Tactics

were employed. The air was cold, and the brass instruments couldn't stand it, so they froze. The few instruments who were sufficiently protected as to successfully defy his Coldship were made the best of, and the rest of the band boys acted

The basement of the Temple was filled

with people, and soon the platform resolved itself into a living salvation sea.

"Oh, how happy are we
While the Saviour stays
We shall be happy when we meet at last
Up in the land of Clear Sky."

played the "Artillery," and the whole audience joined in the chorus. The Commandant thought the audience could

Outvoice the Platform

in singing. Staff-Captain Jewer thought otherwise. An attempt was made to form a fair opinion, but the writer, being on the platform, refrains from saying who undoubtedly "took the cake" for fear of being thought egotistical.

Mrs. Jewer prayed with us, and the Commandant led us off in half-a-dozen choruses, and we felt the blessed power of song while we sang these melodies.

"Shout aloud salvation, boys,"

from the WAR CRY, went swingingly, and then the meeting was opened for testimonies. The Commandant told on that during the trip of the "Flying Squadron" to Toronto, about 150 souls had publicly professed pardon or purity, and also introduced to us Major Complin,

Who Had the Audacity

to style himself a Canadian, although he had only been in the country about two weeks.

Then followed testimony after testimony, chorus after chorus, and "joyfuldom" all along. We couldn't begin *to tell all* the happy things said, and therefore we won't try. We must, however, mention the Major's new song. We noticed a banjo case on the platform and wondered whether it belonged to the Major, and if it did, whether he was an addition to that noble band of musicians who never make themselves heard. When we saw him

Pull Out the Banjo,

and heard him draw his fingers over the strings, our doubts as to his ability vanished. He sang a really startling song, the chorus of which runs:

"Mr Jim 'em 'em, Mr Jim 'em?
What do you think I am?
Mr Jim 'em 'em, Mr Jim 'em?
He's only a lot of them.
Mr Jim 'em 'em, Mr Jim 'em!
I'm glad I've got more sense!
You must be blind or else you'd see
They're after the dollars and cents."

The audience evidently "caught on" to the underlying idea and enjoyed the song very much. Of course, the soldiers went for it for all they were worth. The Major spoke to us after his song and expressed his pleasure at being amongst us, and his hopes for the future career of

The Glorious "War Cry."

The Commandant followed, and in earnest tones offered salvation to the ungodly through the Blood of the Lamb. The meeting closed without scale, but doubtless with many smitten hearts.

OBSERVER.

Sunday Night's Meeting.

TORONTO TEMPLE.

It was a magnificent triumph to see that great and time-honored Temple filled as it was on Sunday night, when Commandant and *Mrs.* Booth presided at the welcome meetings to the new WAR CRY Editor.

In the neighborhood of the Temple there is evidently a keen interest in Salvation Army affairs, and the crowd are

Still Fascinated

with the grand old story of the Cross as it is presented in the simple yet lying way customary to the Army. On the platform amongst others were

Brigadier de Barritt,

the popular Salvation Bishop of Toronto Salvationdom, also Mrs. de Barritt, Staff-Captain and Mrs. Jewer, and Ensign Jones. Staff-Captain Fred Fry, of the Musical Department, led the brass band.

Between the prayers Mrs. Booth sang a beautiful song. Oh, the power of sacred song! May God increase the number of

Anointed Singers

of Israel.

Following after prayers the new Editor was introduced to the Toronto public. He spoke of the fact that observation had proved to him that

The Army is one Family

the wide world over. Away in Australia the Salvationists are endowed with the same spirit that inspired the Salvationists of this Dominion. The same divine love that is exhibited here in the carrying on of such benign works as rescuing the lost, housing the orphans, helping the socially sunken to raise themselves, etc., is exhibited in Australia. Out there in connection with our Army's Social Work, a poor fellow, who had at one time been in the useful position of

Scripture Reader

to a prominent Anglican divine, gave way to that great curse, the drink. The subtle poison soon mastered him. He went from bad to worse, till finally everyone in his circle of many friends were compelled to turn their backs upon him. Only one person, and she his sorrow-stricken wife, clung to him in his career of drunkenness. One night he lay

Helplessly Drunk in the Gutter

of Little Lonsdale Street, well known as one of the vilest spots of Melbourne. Here

two women of the Salvation Army, officers in what is called there, the

Samaritan Brigade,

acting like the Christ they served, saw him, pitied him, and then helped him. They dragged their poor, wretched, stinking brother from his lair in the gutter to the Army's night Shelter for men in Latrobe Street, where he was safely housed away from the influences of the houses

Licensed by the Government

of Victoria to retail strong drink. Then, at the Army's Headquarters there, he signed the few simple rules required to be observed by colonists, and was finally transferred to the Army's

Social Farm Colony at Pakenham.

PROFESSOR MUDIE, F. L. S., is an officer there. Once a couple, but converted some years ago at Christchurch, New Zealand, under Mr. Ballington Booth, he knows how to lend a groping soul from darkness to Him Who is the light of this world and every other. At one of Mudd's meetings, this ex-Scripture reader, with a great gulp of contrition, and in the presence of the sixty or seventy specimens of

Human Wrecksge

around him, came to the front, knelt down at the long central table, and cried from his heart the sincere prayer that always obtains the favor of Jesus. He was soon "through." This man gave a magnificent address in the presence of the

Premier of Victoria,

when that gentleman, in company with a number of Melbourne's leading men, visited the Farm Colony. This was the work Jesus would do for any unsaved in that congregation.

The Editor also told an instance of a suicide, and begged all to decide for Christ before they got any further away from Christ, for every step far the devil was a step down, and repeated steps would take them

Out of Mercy's Reach.

The Commandant then read and commented on Matthew XX. 29, and was followed by Mrs. Booth, who, although it was unusually late, favored us with another of her sweet songs of Zion, and then spoke in pleading accents.

It was extremely late at the conclusion of Mrs. Booth's address, but very few of that great congregation had left. Praying was commenced, then the pool was opened, and

Staff-Captain Jewer,

fresh for the fray, took hold and led on.

The praying people were rewarded by seeing two persons seeking pardon at the penitent-form. The *wind-up* was very lively. A stalwart brother with iron-gray moustaches, from Manitoba, gave a startling testimony. He had been a backslider for many years. Strange to say, he was brought into that position through yielding to the

Tobacco Habit.

He blames himself, of course, but he inveighs against the inconsistency of those professing Christians whose example became a stumbling block to him. He got very much distressed when under conviction, and used to walk about the streets of Winnipeg with his hands clasped and his heart full, *longing for relief* from the burden of his sin. Some one advised him to join a church.

"No," was his answer. "I'm going to get this thing fixed before I join any church."

What he wanted was JESUS, and Jesus he found at the penitent-form of the Army at Winnipeg—Hallelujah! It was a blessed testimony, with real *bite* about it, and at its conclusion the Temple soldiery let out a bring-down-the-walls-of-Jericho shout.

Then came more singing.

Captain Scott explained in song quite a lot about "Jonah" and the big fish, and did it in her own inimitable way, following up her song with for a wonder of witness whose transparent sincerity must have carried home their truth.

The new Editor also sang the Australian ditty,

"Mo Jain 'em,"

and got well bounced at the conclusion.

(In response to the many who have asked for the words of the song, I am glad to announce that "Mo Jein 'em" will shortly be published in the WAR CRY.—EDITOR.)

Brigadier de Barritt obtained a tremendous volley in response to his appeal for one, from all who desired a speedy visit again from the Commandant and Mrs. Booth. ARTIE.

CURE FOR DRUNKENNESS.

A stout lady, whose husband went home so drunk that he had to go immediately to bed, sewed him up in a blanket; then took a cowhide, and with all her strength commenced beating the dust out of the blanket, and the rum out of her husband. Yells and screams came from the blanket, but had no effect until the husband was thoroughly sobered. The result was good. He never got drunk again.

Huntsville.

We are having good times. On Wednesday the D.O. came up to farewell and we arranged to have a farewell tea. The crowd was not as large as we expected on account of the snow storm, but we had a good time. The meeting was of the proper kind, and best of all

THERE SOULS CAME TO JESUS AND GOT SAVED;

and joined with us in a march round the barracks. We give to Jesus glory and are going in to win.—GARNER STAGEON, Captain; MAGGIE MITCHELL, Lieutenant.

Circling Around Tilbury Centre.

We are getting along very nicely since we began to form this place into a circle corps. The people in the surrounding villages give us a warm reception, and we believe much good shall be done when we get these places properly worked. We had Captain Orchard for two nights, and her description of the devil was very interesting. Yours to win.—Captain J. W. ASHAWAY.

GAZETTE.

PROMOTIONS—

ADJUTANT T. COLLIER, of West Ontario Provincial Headquarters, to be *STAFF-CAPTAIN.*

ADJUTANT J. H. JEWER, of Toronto District, to be *STAFF-CAPTAIN.*

ADJUTANT T. HOWELL, of Halifax District, to be *STAFF-CAPTAIN.*

ENSIGN WALTER ARCHIBALD, of Guelph District, to be *ADJUTANT.*

Captain Patterson, of Belleville Corps, to be *ENSIGN.*

Captain A. F. Kinton, of the Editorial Department, Territorial Headquarters, to be *ENSIGN.*

Captain G. L. Phillips, Printing Manager, Trade Department, Territorial Headquarters, to be *ENSIGN.*

Lieutenant Jordan, of the Winnipeg Rescue Home, to be *Captain.*

Lieutenant Barr, of Stroud, to be *Captain.*

Cadet Captain and Mrs. Garrett, late of Downscourt, to be *Captains.*

Cadet Minnie Hartin, late of "Flying Squadron, to be *Captain.*

Cadet Jeannette McCann, late of "Flying Squadron," to be *Lieutenant.*

Cadet Florence Hoater, late of Lippincott T. G., to be *Lieutenant.*

Cadet Sarah Taylor, late of Lippincott T. G., to be *Lieutenant.*

Cadet Mary Coolen, late of "Flying Squadron," to be *Lieutenant.*

Cadet Selena Matthews, late of "Flying Squadron," to be *Lieutenant.*

Cadet Martha Hollett, late of "Flying Squadron," to be *Lieutenant.*

Cadet Emily Legge, late of "Flying Squadron," to be *Lieutenant.*

Cadet Agnes Pridmore, late of the "Flying Squadron," to be *Lieutenant.*

Cadet Maggie Hill, late of Lippincott T. G., to be *Lieutenant.*

Cadet Annie Cowden, late of Lippincott T. G., to be *Lieutenant.*

Cadet John C. Woodhead, late of Temple T. G., to be *Lieutenant.*

Cadet William Searle, late of Temple T. G., to be *Lieutenant.*

Cadet John Slater, late of Temple T. G., to be *Lieutenant.*

Cadet Frank Rhodes, late of "Flying Squadron, to be *Lieutenant.*

Cadet Thorstein Davidson, late of Temple T. G., to be *Lieutenant.*

Cadet J. Ford Barker, late of "Flying Squadron, to be *Lieutenant.*

Cadet George Fynn, late of "Flying Squadron," to be *Lieutenant.*

Cadet Frank Moulton, late of "Flying Squadron," to be *Lieutenant.*

Cadet John Pridmore, late of "Flying Squadron," to be *Lieutenant.*

APPOINTMENTS—

BRIGADIER HOLLAND, of the West Ontario Province, to be A. D. C. to the Commandant.

MAJOR JOHN COMPLIN, to be Editor of the WAR CRY and *Young Soldier.*

STAFF-CAPTAIN JEWER, to be Chief Assistant to Brigadier de Barritt, of the Central Ontario Province.

STAFF-CAPTAIN COLLIER, of West Ontario Province, to be Chief Assistant of West Ontario Province.

STAFF-CAPTAIN SHARP, to be Chief Assistant to Brigadier Scott, of the East Ontario Province.

STAFF-CAPTAIN BENNETT, to be Chief Assistant to Brigadier Jacobs, of the Eastern Province.

ADJUTANT TAYLOR, late of Brockville Corps and *District*, to Cornwall Corps and District.

ENSIGN WILLIAMS, late of Children's Shelter, Toronto, to Dresden Corps and District.

ENSIGN McNAMARA, late of Lippincott T. G., to Brockville Corps and District.

ENSIGN MITCHELL, late of Lindsay Corps and District, to Quebec Corps and District.

ENSIGN TURNER, late of St. Catharines Corps and District, to Barrie Corps and District.

ENSIGN DOWELL, late of Collingwood Corps and District, to Bracebridge Corps and District.

ENSIGN MAMMOND, late of Bracebridge Corps and District, to Collingwood Corps and District.

ENSIGN FRAZER, late of Seaforth Corps and District, to Palmerston Corps and District.

ENSIGN CLARK, late of Woodstock Corps and District, to Petrolea Corps and District.

ENSIGN MALTBY, late of Palmerston Corps and District, to Seaforth Corps and District.

ENSIGN CASS, late of Dresden Corps and District, to Simcoe Corps and District.

ENSIGN ARKETT, late of Montreal Corps and District, to St. Catharines Corps and District.

ENSIGN HAY, late of Uxbridge Corps and District, to Bowmanville Corps and District.

ENSIGN MYLES, late of Bowmanville Corps and District to Uxbridge Corps and District.

ENSIGN AYRE, late of Simcoe Corps and District, to Lindsay Corps and District.

ENSIGN McLEAN, late of Chatham, N.B., Corps and District, to Montreal Corps and District.

ENSIGN PATTERSON, late of Belleville Corps, to Shorbrooke Corps and District.

ENSIGN CREIGHTON, late of Petrolea Corps and District, to Spring Hill Mines, N.S., Corps and District.

ENSIGN ANDREWS, late of Spring Hill Mines, N.S., Corps and District, to Annapolis, N.B., Corps and District.

ENSIGN BRADLEY, late of Sherbrooke Corps and District, to Chatham, N.B. Corps and District.

ENSIGN McGILLIVRAY, late of Barrie Corps and District, to Kingston Corps and District.

ENSIGN McDONALD, late of Moncton, N.B., Corps and District, to Peterboro Corps and District.

ENSIGN FRITH, late of Children's Shelter, Toronto, to the Toronto Women's Garrison and Lisgar Street Corps.

ENSIGN HARTRY, late of St. John Rescue Home, to Halifax Rescue Home.

ENSIGN DESBRISAY, late of Annapolis, N.S., Corps and District, to Moncton, N. B., Corps and District.

Captain and *Mrs. Garrett*, to Yorkville Corps.

Captain Fitzpatrick, late of Winnipeg Rescue Home, to Victoria Rescue Home.

Captain Ellery, late of the London Rescue Home, to St. John Rescue Home.

Captain Jordan, of Winnipeg Rescue Home, to take charge of same.

Lieutenant J. McCann, to the Children's Shelter, Toronto.

Lieutenant F. Hoater, to Wallaceburg Corps.

Lieutenant S. Taylor, to Combar Corps.

Lieutenant M. Coolen, to Strathroy Corps.

Lieutenant S. Matthews, to Thedford Corps.

Lieutenant M. Hollett, to Mitchell Corps.

Lieutenant E. Legge, to Stouffville Corps.

Lieutenant M. Hill, to Brockville Corps.

Lieutenant A. Cowden, to Lisgar Street Corps.

Lieutenant Woodhead, to Headquarters.

Lieutenant Searle, to Chesley Corps.

Lieutenant Slater, to Arthur Street Corps.

Lieutenant Rhodes, to Clinton Corps.

Lieutenant Davidson, to Stratford Corps.

Lieutenant Barker, to Brussels Corps.

Lieutenant Fynn, to St. Mary's Corps.

Lieutenant Moulton, to Oak Corps.

Lieutenant Pridmore, to Peterboro Corps.

TRANSFER—

MAJOR JOHN COMPLIN, of the Sydney Division, Australia, to Canada.

HERBERT H. BOOTH,
Commissioner.

Territorial Headquarters,
Toronto, Ontario.

Compulsory Abstinence.

A drunkard was often urged by his wife to sign the pledge. He would reply, "I will sign it after a while; but I don't like to break off at once. The best way is to get used to a thing."—"Very well, old man," said she; "see if you don't fall into a hole some of these days, with nobody to help you out."

Strangely enough, so he returned home, drunk, one day, he fell into a shallow well,

and shouted for help. His forbearing wife came to his rescue, saying, "Didn't I tell you so? It's lucky I was in hearing, or you might have drowned." Then she let down the bucket and told him "to take hold." She tugged at the windlass, when he was near the top, her grasp slipped, and down he went into the cold bath again. This was repeated until he grew surpicious and furious, and screamed, "Look here! you're doing that on purpose; I know you are."—"Well, now, I am," said the woman conscious of her opportunity. "Don't you remember telling me it's best to quit used to a thing *by degrees*? I'm afraid if I bring you up suddenly, you would not find it wholesome." He could but laugh at this application of his own logic, but felt his case growing desperate, and promised to sign the pledge at once if she would lift him out. This she did, and started him off immediately to sign the pledge: warning him, that if ever he fell into the well again she would leave him there.

A Child's Plea for Abstinence.

A gentleman belonging to the class called "moderate drinkers," was on a recent occasion seated at dinner, and partaking of his usual beverage. He had at different times resisted numerous appeals and arguments in favor of total abstinence, but when closely pressed, his only answer would be the very candid one that "he drank because he liked it," a very dangerous kind of drinking indeed. It was remarked for one of his boys, a bright little fellow of six or seven years of age, to make him almost a teetotaller. During dinner the little boy said:

"Papa, I saw a tipsy man to-day, and he walked so" (here he imitated the unsteady motion produced by intoxication). "and if you drink beer, you'll be tipsy, too!"

"That man," replied the father, "had drunk too much, and that caused him to be tipsy; it is not good to drink too much."

After a short silence, the little boy said: "*If it is not good, papa, what do you drink it for?*"

This cured the fathers lips, and thinking his child could not understand those subtle distinctions by which he had attempted to shield himself, he resolved not to allow his children to see him drink again.

OUR HOLINESS COLUMN

GUILTY PROFESSORS.

BY MAJOR DEAN.

It is sad to note the jelly-fish optimism which permeates religious society, for it is easily seen that a strong current runs in favor of the teaching which gives only a one-sided view of the character of God. The love of God, His mercy, His long-suffering, His pity and His fatherhood are aspects of the Divine nature more generally put before men to the exclusion of God's stern sense of justice; His power, His threatnings, and His judgment, which, if spoken of at all, are only mentioned with bated breath and in such low tones as convey the idea that the speaker is none too sure of his ground and but faintly believes that of which he is speaking.

But if obedience to the will of God secures blessing and favor, then every disobedience must carry a certain penalty for the guilty individual, and those to whom the teacher is sent will suffer equally with himself on account of his unfaithfulness. Ezekiel the prophet makes this unmistakably clear, for he says, "If the watchman see the sword come and blow not the trumpet and the people be not warned; if the sword come and take any person away from among them, *he is taken away in his iniquity*, BUT HIS BLOOD WILL I REQUIRE AT THE WATCHMAN'S HANDS!" And again, "If thou dost not speak to warn the wicked from his way, *that wicked man shall die in his iniquity*, BUT HIS BLOOD WILL I REQUIRE AT THINE HAND!"

From these passages, found in Ezekiel thirty-third chapter, 6th to 8th verses, it is fully evident that the curse following disobedience is like the poison injected by

The Bite of a Reptile,

which not only affects the part bitten, but rapidly spreads all over the system, resulting in *the death of the whole body*, and it is to be greatly feared that the many professors who shut their eyes to these solemn truths and hope for the best are in like sad case. "It won't be so bad as the silly pessimist would have us believe," they say, and so they are content to walk on in the fancied security and strength of their own reason, in favor of which they reject the Word of God, knowing not that the light in them is darkness. God's people are to be as "a city set on a hill" to be seen and not to be hidden, and, as "the salt of the earth," they must retain curing and preserving power, for when salt has no savor, and when it fails to stop corruption and make wounds smart, it is of no service, and possesses as little influence as a handful of dust trodden under the foot of man.

Nowadays there seems to be a decided change of tactics in the camp of the hypocrites. Once they spoke of their professions; you would hear them at the street corners, where they were anxious "to be seen and heard of men," and they had their reward in the praise of men. But now, if they tried that sort of thing, they would probably be hooted down. So they attend some "respectable" place of worship on the Sabbath, contribute their tithes to the support of "God's work," and retire to sing,

"Sweet the parting."

in their comfortable drawing-rooms. There is

Plenty of Sentiment

about them, and by way of patronage they occasionally *drop into* Salvation Army meetings. In exceptional cases you may even find them as Salvation Army soldiers. Just look at them for a moment in the meeting.

The officers and a few *soldiers* have been toiling hard all day, the Spirit of God has come down in answer to the prayers of the faithful few, sinners are on the very verge of the fountain—one bold example would lead a crowd to the Cross. A really good practical demonstration on the part of some well-known professor—the soaking on his part of the blessing of holiness—would open the way. And the pool is opened, sinners are called upon to surrender, there is a painful sense of expectancy on the part of everybody. A leaf only is wanted—only one. A sea of upturned faces floats before the officer's eyes, he is oppressed by the burden which has been laid so heavily on his heart. He feels that he has the crowd near the gate, but he is unable to get them to enter. Suddenly God speaks to him, "Call upon *My saints* to lead the way," and so the soldiers are called to their feet. Those who are wholly sanctified are asked to sit down. Some do so who are not sanctified; others honestly remain on their feet. But God is grieved at the his that has been acted, and some one soul brings condemnation and weakness into the whole body.

The battle is already half lost. The Captain feels that it is so, for he knows the soldiers and knows the value of their professions, but he picks up heart and calls upon those who had not professed to have the blessing of a clean heart

To Lead the Way

to the penitant-form. Alas! one after another the "justified" souls who have remained standing take their seats, and the Spirit of God is more deeply wounded than ever. The light begins to fade and presently all conviction disappears, the mercy-seat is unsought, and the sinner goes out to pursue his way to hell. *Whose fault is it?*

Well, to be plain, God holds as responsible that man who knows he is not sanctified, and that woman who feels that she needs the blessing of a clean heart, and who, *while acknowledging* their need, yet refuse to accept the blessing He holds out to them. These, and the people who lie to God and to man by professing to be what they are not, are the ones who bring condemnation upon themselves and upon others, who hinder all soul-saving work, and who will be called upon to give an account of their conduct before the offended majesty of God.

Reader, how do you stand in the sight of God? Are you a guilty professor? Do you turn away in a rage and say you are as good as your teachers? Or do you shield yourself by saying of some particular individual, "If he gets to heaven I will have a good chance"? Beware! these are but

The Ravings of the Depraved Heart,

which lives but to deceive and to be deceived, and which yells out when the cover of self-deception is uplifted. What do you suppose sinners think of you? While harlots and drunkards admit the truth of God's Word, they look at you in your rebellion and say, "Well, I am just as near the Kingdom as he is," and God knows how great is the truth of their conclusion.

Oh! what will you say in the breaking of the Day of Judgment, when you emerge from your hypocritical retreat to face the ruin caused by your professions, and which it was your privilege to have averted? You say you don't believe in holiness. Then you have no part in heaven and must make up your mind to remain outside. You say it is not possible to live holy in this life. Then you contradict God's Word, the Saviour's commands, and the testimony of the apostles, and give the lie to the actual experiences of some of the best men and women who have ever lived. You say you will get to heaven without holiness. Then you make God a liar, for *He has said*, "Without holiness no man shall see God." Take heed, O Jeoidiceas, God is sick of you, and will soon spew you out of His mouth as detestable vomit, so that you will be a disgust in the eyes of all the good and a double disgust to the damned souls with whom you will have to spend an eternity of remorse. Think well of the consequences we pray, and decide to continue in your guilty professions. (FROM FULL SALVATION.)

JEHOVAH-ROPHI.

We were sleighing through the snow on the way from Barrie to Stroud, Brother Reynolds and I, to attend Commandant Booth's great meeting.

When the Lord's children meet, Jesus is the magnet to which their conversation tends. It was so in this case.

"My right eye was destroyed by accident," said Comrade Reynolds.

"I notice you now have a glass one," I replied.

"Yes. Soon after the accident occurred I was lying on a couch suffering almost unbearable agony. Right there the thought was brought home to my mind with power, 'You have often sung,

'I'm satisfied with Jesus here,'

this is your time of need, can you say that now?' I had no sooner taken the thought in than rising from the couch in faith, I said, 'Yes, it is so, I am satisfied with Jesus here,' and calling my dear wife and little ones together, we sang that song and prayed, and sir, I assure you that on that spot at that moment the pain completely left me. The eye had afterwards to be removed, but till I reached the influence of the chloroform I was delivered of all pain. Glory to Jesus!"—PSALM cxlv, verse 19.

"Tell the Skipper It's All Right."

BY MRS. STAFF-CAPTAIN READ.

All was hustle and excitement on board that Allan Liner as the final preparations for departure were being made. The last good-byes—some of them tearful enough—had been said. The clang, clang of the winch and the rattle of chains which had been going on desperately all night, as the men unloaded a large cargo of goods, had ceased. The ropes hung loosely in their pulleys and the last huge bale had gone winging down the gangway.

The deck was rapidly cleared of leave-takers, and the passenger's gangway lowered, and with ponderous thud the ship's gangwaie was driven securely into its place. The captain's voice in stentorian tones rang out from the bridge, issuing the word of command, and as his orders were repeated, and as men rushed hither and thither loosening and tightening ropes, the stately steamer slowly turned her bow towards the open sea.

Above the sound of the engine's throbbing, the captain's commands, the sailor's shouts, and the straining of ropes, the voice of a gentleman standing near impressed me much. Forming his hands into the shape of a horn he called across to a friend on the dock, which was quickly being left behind:

"Tell the skipper it's all right!"

His friend, appearing not to understand, he raised his voice and tried to explain that he had not seen his father, but that some one of whom his father understood, was "all right."

As the forms upon the wharves diminished and gradually lost their individuality, fading into one blurred mass of moving objects, the passenger's parting words rang in my ears, and all through a dreadful night that followed, as the ship *tossed* like a ball upon a heavy sea, whose waters washed her decks and down her hatchways, while she beat her bow as

A Proud Horse Before his Rider,

to the gale, pushing her way triumphantly through, I could not forget them.

Through the darkness of that wild night, when the throb of the laboring engine—sounding like some earthquake's pulsation—reached every other sound, the words were still fastened upon my mind—

"Tell the skipper it's all right!"

I wish it were possible for me to pen the thoughts suggested. However, I will try to give expression to a few.

No one standing upon that pier would understand the purport of that young man's message to his father. Some previous arrangements had been made. They knew what Other's heart.

How like the unity existing between the heavenly Father and His children. A perfect understanding has been brought about—

No More Aliens, but Sons,

with all the privileges of children. A channel of communication open; an electric current always "from on." Hearts so tuned in harmony to His great heart that at all times a response goes back to heaven, "All is right, Thy will, not mine, be done!"

I wonder if my reader has been thus brought into affinity and harmony with his God. Do you understand His will, and is He familiar with your voice and the message you send back to His footstool?

When tossed upon

Life's Troubled Sea

with the waves of temptation raging round you, can you stand bravely against its fierce elements realizing that "He will not suffer you to be tempted more than ye are able, but will with the temptation make a way of escape?"

Has you learned the secret of counting it "all joy when you fall into divers temptations?"

Has adversity or trial crossed your once bright path?

Have you been harassed by temporal perplexities?

Are your children disappoint you? Have

Difficulties Innumerable Flooded

upon you, and all your bright air castles crumbled to the dust?

Do sickness, suffering, and loneliness seem to be your portion?

It does seem hard to say, "all things work together for good." You cannot believe sometimes that your particular cross is one of the "all things," and that it will work together for your good.

Perhaps you have forgotten just for the moment that the trying of your faith worketh patience. And Ha "learned obedience by the things which He suffered," and was made perfect through suffering. We can not tell how much we need for our soul's refining, but He knoweth.

It may be that darkness and misunderstanding overshadow your way, and apparently no glimpse of light penetrates the gloom. Your character, which has at long been above reproach, has been maligned, and your good name been dragged in the dust, and heaped with calumny in the cruel est manner; your very best and truest actions have been unkindly criticized, and with your confidence shaken in the friends you trusted most, you are almost tempted to distrust the divine.

Look up! There is light ahead! If your persecution has been a consequence of loyalty to His name you may claim the benefits to be derived from the precious beatitude—"Blessed are ye when men speak evil".

Has the test to your faith, dear reader, been even a deeper one than temptation,

Persecution, or Slanderer's Tongue,

keenly as they pierce the human heart! Your poor head may be bowed with sorrow and your soul's tenderest chords torn and lacerated by the weight of bereavement. The cold clay to-night covers all the earthly remains of the one upon whom your highest expectations were built. Suddenly the shadow of the death messenger hovered over your home; the dear eyes closed, the *loved form drooped*, the spirit fled, and you were left in your sadness; everything seems dark, for your fond hopes are shattered. Your heart seems breaking, your eyes burn with their straining—for weep you cannot—for a sight of the loved one for whom your heart hungers, you feel there's nothing left to live for. But though that mother, father, wife, husband, or dearling child has gone, and the eager longing known only to the bereaved seems to be eating out your very heart's core, do not let your

Light Go Out.

This, this the trying of your faith.

Your Saviour feels the keenest pang. He Who "groaned within Himself," mingles His tear of sympathy with every stricken mourner. He binds up the wounded spirits, and by the fulness of His own dear presence, pours balm into every bleeding wound. His purposes are not made plain to His followers here, but in the fulfilment of His designs for each, a wealth of spiritual power is given for every

Mountain Climbed in Faith.

Thegreat Master-builder knows the shape and fashion of every block of His eternal temple. He purifies this tempted one by a victory achieved. He lights the affectionate mother by proving the frailty of human anchorage. He refines another's *spirit by drawing the flimsy veil*, separating time and eternity aside, and allowing the sorrowing one to realize a special nearness of Himself—a touch of His love.

Happy that one who understands the antidote to personal grief—the complete abandonment of himself to the obliteration of others woes.

A beautiful sunset taught me a lesson the other evening, and I gladly pass it on. It was slowly disappearing behind a distant hill. The sky was clear and blue, only that a few fleecy clouds floated above. Not on the open sky did the rays of the setting sun reflect the greatest brilliancy, but upon the drifting clouds, they revealed

Glories of a Thousand Tints.

So, dear reader, the eventide of her life is coming on—sooner or later. Nothing is our life's light goes out and sinks below time's horizon, it will not be its joys that will reveal the most beauty. But the difficulties and sorrows trusted through that will have *left the truest impress of our* Master's image upon our characters.

Let us live for a glorious sunset, under all circumstances, looking up to our Father in heaven, with the glad response, "All is well" Not "*My* will but Thine."

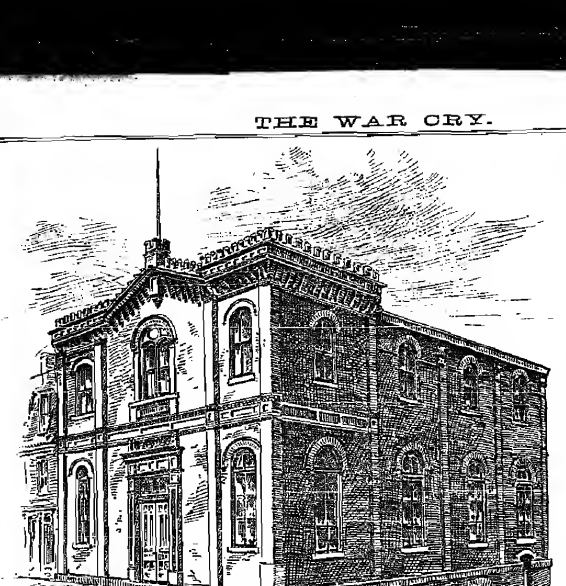
"Oh, for trust that brings the triumph,
When defeat seems strangely near!
Oh, for faith that changes fear to song
When victory's singing cheer,
Faith triumphant,
Knowing not defeat or fear."

Markham.

Thank God we can report victory here in Markham. The fight has been hard, but God has honored our labors. Last night was our farewell meeting, and at the close of the meeting,

THREE PRECIOUS SOULS FAREWELLED FROM SIN AND THE DEVIL,

and came over on the Lord's side. We had *one soul in the afternoon*, which makes four for the day. Glory to God, there has been deep conviction in our meetings of late, and thank God the break has come at last. I did rejoice and praise God that the devil got defeated. I believe there are mighty victories ahead for Markham.—Hallelujah!—Lieutenant GREEN for Captain KRANENT.



THE NEW CITADEL AND HEADQUARTERS AT HALIFAX, N.S.

May God grant to our dear comrades at Halifax the privilege of seeing many souls won for Jesus in their new Citadel.—ED.

(This cut was unavoidably held over from last week's issue.)

WON BY WAITING!

BY E. A. M.

It was a brilliantly colored paper novel, which a young *girl had just purchased* from one of those energetic news agents who so persistently ply their trade on all our passenger trains. She was sitting opposite to us, and as we, with that natural spirit of curiosity which seems to take possession of all travellers, when they are perhaps too lazy to do otherwise engaged, watched her, we were struck with the earnestness and rest with which she settled down to enjoy what we expect would prove to her a most interesting book. But it was the title page that gave us the interested reader the secret of her attention, "Won by Waiting."

"Ye have need of patience that after ye have done the will of God ye might receive the promise."

We Can Work, We Can Fight,

we can suffer; yes, we can even die; but, oh, how hard it is to wait! Our hearts have been fired with enthusiasm, our eyes have been opened, and we have seen the needs of this sin-cursed world. We long to rush to the rescue of the perishing millions, but one way is blocked, hedged in with insurmountable difficulties. God's time for "putting forth" has not yet come, and so we have to wait until He shall open the door and increase our sphere of usefulness.

Dear "waiting one," be patient, God knows best. He is preparing the way for you, plowing up the soil that is to receive the precious seed with which He shall by-and-bye entrust you, and at the same time He is fitting you for the work to which you have been called. Be patient, "for patience worketh experience, and experience hope, and hope maketh not ashamed." What thou knowest not now thou shalt know hereafter, and in eternity you will praise God for what was "won by waiting."

There is another class of waiting ones to whom we would like to send some word of encouragement and cheer. There are

Many Weary Toilers

in God's great harvest field who, from hearts almost breaking beneath their weight of care and responsibility, *cry* out, "Oh, Lord, how long?" They have been faithful toilers, instant in season and out of season, and yet there are many precious *souls over* whom they have long toiled, wept, and prayed. For days, months, and years their hearts have been burdened for their salvation, and yet to-day they see them apparently hardened, careless, and indifferent. They fully believe that God's Word shall not return unto Him void, they have even gone so far as to claim the promise, "If ye shall ask anything in My name, I will do it," but still it seems so hard to wait. Oh, dear fellow-laborer,

Do Not Give Up.

God is with you, and, therefore, victory is certain. Persevere! That soul which outwardly seems so careless is perhaps just on the point of yielding. Then for Christ's sake do not give up. Think of the heaven-ship value of the precious soul, and in His strength toil on. Your perseverance and earnestness must tell, the unsaved must realize that there is indeed something in religion which inspires you with a zeal that defies discouragement and refuses to rest until the desire of its heart is accomplished. Many of the brightest jewels in the heavenly Kingdom to-day are those over whom other workers shed bitter tears of disappointment.

At times they almost gave up, despairing of their salvation, but by "waiting upon the Lord they

Renewed Their Strength,

they sought heavenly wisdom, and when one method failed to reach the wandering ones they adopted another, until, at last, their faith was rewarded, and those who had so long resisted Christ were melted by His love, and falling at His feet presented themselves living sacrifices to their newly-found Saviour.

Take heart then, discouraged one. "Refrain thine eyes from weeping, for thy work shall be rewarded." "Be all things to all men." Come not to work until it is shall say "Come up higher," and as He shall give to you the crown of life glittering with many stars, souls won for Him while here on earth, then, and only then, will you realize how much was "won by waiting."

Local Officers and Soldiers

OFFER are desirous of distributing God Hearsbee in Barracks, hospitals, asylums and among the poor. Write to us for special price for back numbers of All the Word.

Neglecting the Great Salvation.

Most of the calamities of life are caused by neglect. By neglect of education, children grow up in ignorance; by neglect, a farm grows to weeds and briars; by neglect, a house goes to decay; by neglect, a sower will have no harvest; by neglect of reaping, the harvest will rot in the field; no worldly interest can prosper where there is neglect; and why may it not be so in religion? There is nothing in earthly affairs that is valuable that will not be ruined if it is not attended to: and why may it not be so with the concern of the soul? Let no one infer, therefore, that because he is not a drunkard, or an adulterer, or a murderer, he will be saved. Such an inference would be as irrational as it would be for a man to infer that because he is not a murderer his farm will produce a harvest; or because he is not an adulterer, therefore his merchandise will take care of itself. Salvation would be worth nothing if it cost no effort; and there will be no salvation where no effort is put forth.

What the "Commercial Advertiser" Thinks.

In an editorial upon the Jersey City arrests, the New York *Commercial Advertiser* says: The truth is, most of us have a sympathetic interest in these Salvationists, whatever one's early prejudices. One comes across them constantly engaged in self-sacrificing efforts for others in miserable tenements and dark corners of the city, among the sick, diseased, starving and friendless by day and by night. Scenes of this sort are too frequent to permit one to listen to such stories of oppression and injustice as come from Jersey City without indignation. It is as if some one had thrown stones at a sister of charity, or mobbed a bishop whose face was a benediction. The roughs and toughs who break up such meetings ought to feel a grateful interest in the Salvationists, for no one else has outcasts really at heart. Were the choiers to sweep Jersey City to-morrow these pale-faced women in poke bonnets, and these men—odd-looking characters many of them—would be the first, and perhaps the only ones, to stand by the bedside of the miserable poor and shiftless street loafers who figure in assaults on the Army.

Entire Dedication to Christ.

Our blessed Redeemer is a noble example to His people of entire dedication. When, as God He took upon Himself our nature, He left no part behind. After the mysterious union of the Divine and the human, as God-man He appeared on the earth, and in His entirety of being devoted Himself to the work which He came to accomplish in His life's mission. In dying on the cross as an atonement for sin He gave Himself without reserve. When He entered heaven as our High Priest, He left nothing of Himself behind. When we believed in Him to the saving of our souls, He gave Himself to us as our Saviour. Nothing less would have met our claims and necessities. Had Jesus kept anything of the human or the Divine from the work of our redemption, it would have been incomplete. One without the other would not have been sufficient, and a limited extent of either in union would have been inadequate. "Perfect God" and "Perfect Man," constituting one perfect Being was necessary to redeem us from the guilt of our sins and the penalty of the law.

Here Christian is the example of our dedication. We must have no divided interest between Jesus and the world. He must have all or none. Whatever else we may give to Him it is as value without ourselves. He seeks not ours but us. As nothing that He gives in the way of gifts can satisfy without Himself, so all our services and sacrifices to Him are not well pleasing unless we accompany them with the entire dedication of ourselves.

Neither must there be any reserved conditions. We must be open and candid with Him. He is the Searcher of hearts, and will know whether we are so. Any hypocrisy will render null and void our offering. There must be no partaking with self, no secret understanding with Satan, no sinister motives or secular ends. All must be done as under the Observing and Omniscient eye, from a heart of overflowing love to Him. Because we love Him we must do this thing, as it was because He loved us He gave Himself for us and to us.

It is only in this manner of entire dedication to Christ that we can expect the entire liberty and spirit of His grace, and the entire purity and happiness which flow from His glorious love.

In this dedication we are freed from the dominion of sin, the vassalage of Satan, the fascinations of life. The liberty of God is our liberty. "Where the Spirit of the Lord is, there is liberty."

"To Thee myself, my all I give,
Thine, ONLY Thine, let me live and live."

A Hallelujah Wedding at Wardsville.

Quite a new thing for the village, so one had not been held there before. We watched the weather for some days before, hoping for a fine evening as we would have a good crowd. The night came and good roads, praise the Lord.

Brigadier Holland, Ensign Case, Captain Will, Captain Orchard, Ensign Hendricks and Mrs. Jackson arrive in good time. The town hall was engaged for the occasion and was filled to the door, standing room as well as seats.

Ensign Case starts the meeting. Captain Will prays. Ensign Hendricks lines out the second song. The wedding party steps on the platform. Shouts from all over the building as both are well known in the village.

Brigadier Holland read the articles of marriage and our comrades step forward, Sergeant-Major Smith, supported by Brother Thomas Holmes; Sister J. M. Fry, supported by her Sister, C. Fry. When the ceremony was over, and Brigadier pronounced them man and wife, the bride was called on for a solo, which went very well. Both spoke of their determination to be true to God. When all was over the crowd of lads waited at the door to bounce the groom, but they got outanother way and the crowd disappointed.—Captain A. BARRETT for Ensign HENDRICKS.

He was so Drunk.

HARBOR GRACE.—Praise God for victory! Since our last report the Lord has helped us and given us the victory. On Monday night we had a grand time. We went up to the meeting believing for souls. The meeting went on in prayer Salvation Army style. We felt the Spirit of God, and at the close one soul came forward. He was saved. We prayed and did our best with him, but it was all in vain. We had to close our meeting and go home, feeling we did our part. The next day he gave his tobacco to his mother, telling her he was going to get saved that night. He came to the meeting and came forward and another lad with him, and got properly saved, and are still searching for. Praise God, we are still searching on, and believing for greater victories.—BESSIE TILLEY, Cadet.

Salvation Songs.

The Army's Marching On.

BY WILLIAM M'LAUCHLIN.

TUNE—*There is sweet rest in heaven.*

1 Our Army's marching forward
This dying world to win,
To free from Satan's clutches
Souls who are sunk in sin;
With colors bright aflying
We march o'er land and sea,
With Jesus as our Captain
We are sure of victory.

FIRST CHORUS.

Oh, the day of victory's coming, etc.

We fight alone for Jesus
And dying souls around,
Who live in towns and cities
Where wickedness abound;
In bar-rooms we find drunkards
Fast going down to hell,
We bring them to the barracks,
Of Christ alone we tell.

SECOND CHORUS.

Oh, the drunkard may come,
And the swearer may come, etc.

The moral we are after,
Those deep in sin as well,
The gambler and the swearer,
The thief and infidel;
All kinds and grades of sinners,
No matter who they be,
We point them to the Saviour,
Who waits to set them free.

THIRD CHORUS.

Whosoever will in the feast may share,
In my Father's house there is bread and to spare;
Oh, come to Jesus, He is waiting, waiting now,
Oh, come, there is room for all.

O'er all the news is spreading,
The Army's marching round,
We'll not give o'er the battle
Till none in sin are found;
Though oftimes we grow weary,
The way seems dark as night,
We'll rest one day in heaven
Where all is fair and bright.

FOURTH CHORUS.

There is sweet rest in heaven.

Forward to the Fray.

BY "FIDELE."

TUNE—*Bringing in the sheaves.*

2 Hark the trumpet sounding, warriors are wanted
To attack all evil, battle for the Lord;
Storm the mighty strongholds, face the powers of darkness,
Looking to Jehovah, trusting in His Word.

CHORUS.

Forward to the fray, forward to the fray,
Do not stop and linger, come while it is day.
Forward to the fray, forward to the fray,
Men of war are wanted, do not stay away.

Many now are halting, idly looking forward,
We need reinforcements 'gainst the powers of sin;
Buckle on the armor while the battle's raging,
In the strength of Jesus we are bound to win.

E'en the fiercest contest can be crowned with victory,
While we ask the counsel of the Lord on high;
Devils may oppose us, try and overthrow us,
With our mighty Leader, victory is nigh.

Sometimes Weary.

BY ENSIGN PRITH.

TUNE—*Jesus is the best Friend.*

3 'Neath the flag of blood-and-fire
Are you sometimes weary?
Let me urge you "look up higher,"
And lean hard on God.

CHORUS.

In the fiercest conflict,
In the battle's din,
With all your might and all your might,
Lean hard on Him.

Does the way still narrower get,
Steeper seem the road?
And your friends fall and forget,
Then lean hard on God.

All "His promises are yea
And amen in Jesus;"
Soon will dawn the perfect day,
So lean hard on God.

Victory!

LIEUTENANT W. CARRUTHERS.

TUNE—("B.J.," 26,) *Redeeming love.*

4 What a happy lot we are, our delight is in the war,
And we fight for God, with all our might and main;
Though the fighting may be tough, and the enemy be rough,
Yet we always do get there just the same.

CHORUS.

We intend to have the victory, right along line of march,
And we never will give in,
But we'll fight against all sin,
And the victory we shall have from day to day.

Though the fight sometimes is hard, yet we do not it regard,
For our Lord He never lets us fight alone;
He's our Commander-in-Chief, and He always sends relief,
When we trust alone in Him, we never fail.

Now, my comrades, let us fight, trust in God and do the right,
For our God was never known yet to fail;
In the past we found Him near, let us too be always true,
For He will help us in whatever we may do.

Soon our fight it will be o'er, and we'll reach that golden shore,
Then our sword we'll lay down, and take a crown;
Other comrades we'll meet, and march the golden street,
And victory through the Blood will be our song.

Jesus will not Pass You By.

Words and music by SERGT.-MAJOR J. T. REILLY, Victoria, B. C.

Moderato. mf.

What a loving Friend has Je-sus 'been to me, Who always listens to my feeble cry, Soothes and consoles whene'er to Him I flee, He never alights like many friends who, heedless, pass me by. Jesus is waiting to be such a Friend To all who to Him will sur-ren-der; He'll save you and cleanse you, and keep to the end, And be your Almighty Defen - der.

CHORUS. mf. Allegretto.

Other friendships fail, and soon will pass away,
Naught, however dear, will always with you stay;
Cast then your care on Him Who hears each sigh,
He then will bear both it and you, and never pass you by.

Come to Jesus now, the time is flying fast,
Soon will end this life, your every chance be past;
Then, unveiling will sound your cry,
If found too late outside the gate who Jesus has passed by.

Jesus Is My Best Friend.

BY SERGEANT MAY LANG.

TUNE—*Auld lang syne.*

5 I've found a treasure that I love,
Worth more than life to me;
'Twas bought by bitter agony
On Calvary's rugged tree.

CHORUS.

I do believe, I will believe.

He gave me joy where once was woe,
He took my sins away,
He set me on my path to go,
And now I work for Him.

But you who still are far from God
And the poor load of sin,
Come to this Saviour, He'll forgive,
And He will take you in.

Holiness.

BY BLANCHE R. COX.

TUNE—*It is the blood that washes white.*

6 This hour, oh, Christ, our hearts inflame
With holy zeal for Thee,
Baptize us with in Thy great name,
From selfishness set free!

CHORUS.

Oh, the Blood to me so dear,
Saving now from guilt and fear,
Cleansing now my heart within,
Making free from self and sin!

Cause smallest sins to be forgiven,
Old grudges washed away;
Make clean our hearts as those in heaven,
Who praise instead of pray.

Deep, Lord, please let the work be done,
Beneath mere surface show,
For still the prize that martyrs won
Meekness Thou dost bestow.

My tears and prayers bespeak my need,
Mine earnestness proclaim;
Then set me slow to give Thine head,
So now the gift I claim.

WAR CRY

TORONTO, FEBRUARY 11th, 1893.

OFFICE OF THE WAR CRY,
Thursday, Feb. 9, 1893.

GREETING!

The Editor sends a hearty "God bless you" to every reader of the WAR CRY, and in writing his first "Editorial" does so with the *large* and prayer that the CRY may continue to be the blessing it has hitherto been to its thousands of readers.

If you, reader, are an adopted child of God, you are requested to remember in prayer the WAR CRY and those engaged weekly in producing it. If you are unconverted, we trust we have your good wishes, and you may depend we will toil with our weekly pages to win you to Christ.

BRIGADIER De BARRITT.

Brigadier de Barritt has excellently well fulfilled his task of acting as Editor *pro tem.* The whole WAR CRY constituency is indebted to him for his splendid choice of *matter and the admirable way in which he* has served up the weekly supply of sixty-four columns. God bless the Brigadier!

CAPTAIN ATWELL.

Captain Atwell, too, has done herculean service on the WAR CRY; working early and late, frequently till mid-night. He would still have been welcome on the staff of the WAR CRY, for he is worthy, but the Commandant has appointed him to another position, in which we trust the manifold blessing of God may rest upon him.

We have not, however, quite lost him. The CRY has a warm place in his heart, and we think we can promise our readers frequent contributions from his pen.

THE ARMY AND PROHIBITION.

It was a high tribute of appreciation that was paid the Salvation Army, when at the great Prohibition meeting held in the Pavilion, Toronto, on Tuesday last, with 1,500 delegates from all parts of Ontario present, the sight of the Commandant passing to the platform evoked such a storm of applause. There was no mistaking the sincerity of the cheering, and it proved that the leading men in Ontario have taken the correct measure of the Army on the great *drink question*, while the chairman's (ex-Mayor Fleming) remark, viz.: that there was no man present more worthy of a front seat on that platform than was Commandant Booth, voiced still more clearly the feeling of that great and representative assembly.

The Salvation Army, from its infinitesimal stage, has been upright and down-straight on the drink matter. It is a Prohibition Army. Everyone of its soldiers, everywhere, by its regulation and by the universal consent of the thousands who march in its cosmopolitan ranks, is bound to prohibit the drink curse to his utmost ability.

Horrible Death from Drunkenness.

Joseph Ralston, of Phillipsburg, Penn., met with a horrible death by freezing. He had been drinking freely, and while drunk had endeavored to wade the Mosheuzie Creek; but, ere he had proceeded two-thirds of the way, his limbs refused to perform their office. He grapped a bough of an overhanging tree, *unable to advance any farther*; and soon the fast congealing water commenced about him—a bank of ice which stretched from shore to shore. Two days after he was found there, rigid as an icicle, his hands imbedded in a shoot of the frozen element set an inches thick, his body inclined a little forward, his hands clutching the boughs, eyes a-stare, and despair pictured on his features.

Territorial Topics.

BY THE COMMANDANT.

The General is Coming!

Something to look forward to is *very helpful* to us all. Coming events, when bright and happy ones, cast their reflection back on the way, and impart a sort of inspiration by anticipation. Where so many difficulties oppress our brave officers, we cannot too quickly put them in possession of any information likely to prove a stimulus in their work. I feel, therefore, delighted to announce that at last we seem to have succeeded in getting a definite pledge from the International Headquarters that our beloved General shall visit Canada. If you, reader, are an adopted child of God, you are requested to remember in prayer the WAR CRY and those engaged weekly in producing it. If you are unconverted, we trust we have your good wishes, and you may depend we will toil with our weekly pages to win you to Christ.

The Canadian Congress.

An earlier event of great interest in the great Congress to be convened in Toronto sometime in June next. These gatherings will be by far the largest and most impressive hold in Canada for many years. They will be attended by almost the entire Staff of the Dominion, as well as by all the Divisional Field Officers, and as *many local officers* as can make it possible to gather. One of the chief features will be a Grand Musical Festival in the great Massey Music Hall, which will, by that time, be just completed. This early notice is given because the first essential is to "get there," and officers should at once have some method of raising their force, and an equally good plan of saying their prayers about the matter.

Prohibition and the Salvation Army.

Never did I feel more privileged to be a citizen of this country; never was I more elated with the glorious outspokenness on all questions of moral reform than when, with Mrs. Booth, I dropped into a back seat of the crowded building in which was held the Prohibition Convention. I was on the floor of the house, with some *fifteen hundred delegates*—men and women—representing the host of the citizenship of this great and free Province, and who had assembled to call upon the Government to put into immediate effect the fiat of the people, Ontario had spoken her decree, bidding the drink demon begone, and as one of the speakers ably put it, the angels had cried, "Well done!" Oh, how I longed that such a night might come in the history of the mother country! Strange it is, indeed, that the nations to which she has given birth should so rise up to condemn her. I was praising God, and generally enjoying myself for once, as I thought, safely out of sight, when my friend, Dr. Potts, spotted me, and then came an incident that I confess filled me with pride for the organization I represented. The newest member of the Army brought down the house, and gave that vast assembly of representative people an opportunity they seemed eager to seize, of giving their sentimental vote of confidence in a movement *which has brought into existence so many other* active societies, and which has stood wrestling in the trenches of crime with the drink traffic for twenty-eight years. I was given the opportunity of saying once more what was our position in the matter, and Mrs. Booth was asked to speak and sing, but, unfortunately, her strength would not permit.

As an unloader, the fact that impressed me about the Convention most of all was the skilful way in which the *Army principle* of government was brought to bear upon the assembly every time the more

The Army Principle in the Prohibition Convention.

Parliamentary method threatened to defeat the ship. One thing seemed quite certain to me; it was the fact that discord was more to be feared just now in Ontario than strong drink. Discord would make short work of the magnificent victory achieved at such sweat of heart and brain, and more effectively dispel the clouds now hanging above the horizon of the brewer and the distiller than any other agency the devil could seize. It was grievous to see how possible and easy it would have been to turn the brightest gleam of glory in the Temperance cause around the globe, into a screaming farce by the introduction of petty fogging differences or political issues that should be left to a man's own conscience and his God. And how astounding it is, too, that there are men with heads on, and heads full of information, who will, on such an occasion, resolve themselves into the merest pokers for stirring up differences certain to create a shindy. They put queries, and propose resolutions and move amendments that are very much like throwing bombs, and which would just as certainly provoke explosions. How I thank God that on this occasion the good sense of the vast majority of that assembly revolted against the tiresome nonsense of unofficial matter, the wrangling over which would have ended them in twain. They stood by principles and left participants to work out their selves. They were for the benefit of the whole, not the one. They stood for the benefit of the animal, believing that *his* fall would come on behind; and they wrestled with conscience, knowing it to be greater than either self-interest or party.

A Temperance "Army."

But as I watched the almost autocratic way in which the leaders of that assembly ruled out debatable questions, put back awkward resolutions, and held everybody to that first essential of the cause, "United action," and as I observed how they were supported in so doing, I smiled to see once more *evidenced* the power of a military government in the cause of God and man. If all the sons and daughters of Temperance, could for a time resolve themselves into the army under one leader, then what an impregnable force to the Hosts legions they would become. And why not? Why should not the rank-and-file choose out the ablest and best man in their midst, and let them again *choose out the* best among themselves, and appoint him, subject to certain rules, to govern for the time being of the cause, advising him as a staff, and carrying out his behests as loyal officers? It would mean self-sacrifice on the part of some, but what cause has yet been won without a cross? It would mean self-surrender to many more, but where is the achievement that has been accomplished minus faith? It would involve obedience, which seems new-a-days to be synonomous in many heads with slavery, but where was a battle ever won that was not fought out on the principle of *submission* by many minds to one mind? Think, and you will discover that it is pride, false independence, conceit, and love of self that slips the rock of so many promising plants in the moral flower garden of the world.

The Flit of the Flying Squadron.

The famous Flying Squadron has taken to itself wings and flown. It did good service, and has left behind it a sweet smelling savor. Of the tour, altogether 82 indoor meetings were held, and 53 outdoor, 300 miles were travelled *by sleigh*, and 377 by rail. Best of all, saints were stirred; many backslidings given a fair show, and over 100 souls sought pardon and purity. This is the second Praying Gang of the kind organized, and it will by no means be the last. The thing is distinct hit. It is a magnificent method of training Cadets in active service, and of the most economical plan. There are some striking developments of the system in the wind, of which something later. Meanwhile, God bless and prosper the lads and lasses of the "Flying Squadron." With that commissioning, we have now sent out fifty officers into Ontario *during the last three months.*

Mure to Follow.

Candidates should hurry up. They'll be sorry to miss the program being prepared for the training of all Ontario Cadets during the summer months. The numbers are *steadily* increasing. During the past three months the following have been accepted, and are under orders to proceed into training:

Kennaway, Geo., H. M. S. *Mohawk*; Lavers, Mattie, Windsor, N.S.; Randall, Fannie, Windsor, N.S.; Mabbs, Lena, New Glasgow; Matthews, Selina, Sydney; Coolin, Mary, Halifax; Walsh, Kate, Yarmouth; Phinney, Robert, Truro; Rhodes, Frank, Yarmouth; Barkes, Ford, Yarmouth; Hamilton, Bella, New Glasgow; Cowden, Annie, Wingham; Smith, George, Berlin; Searle, W. A., London; Hodder, Annie, Pentlinguish; Neaves, John, H. M. S. *Mohawk*; LeCoco, John W., H. M. S. *Mohawk*; Brown, Amey, Rosavista; Hillar, Janet, Pitt Cove; Rowe, Robert, Heart's Content; Hellett, Martha, Berin; Legge, Ellen, Berin; Collier, Sarah, Fortune; Rose, Keziah, Grand Bank; Rose, Alena, Grand Bank; Hawkins, William, Grand Bank; Rose, Albert, St. Johns I.; Selig, Laura, Halifax; Harris, Minnie, St. John V.; Townsend, Walter, St. John; McClelland, Georgs, and wife, St. Catherines; Burton, W., Uxbridge; Norman, Amy, Cornwall; Colbert, Jenny, Barrie; Hibock, Eben, Seal Cove; Parsons, Emily, Bay Roberts; Taylor, Mary, Carbonear; Taylor, Martha, Carbonear; Davis, Isabella, Carbonear; Taylor, Mrs. T., Owen Sound; Conway, W. H., Prince Albert; Baxter, J. W., Winnipeg; French, J. J., New Westminster; Rose, Emma V., Camp; Fraser, Margaret S., New Glasgow; Fryer, Ed. G., Winnipeg; Young, Fred, Sarnia; Spencer, Emma, Twillingate; Blackmont, Emilie, Regina, N.W.; Brown, Arthur, Tilt Cove; Harris, W., Aurora; Burton, Fred, Newmarket; Redburn, Samuel, Stayner; Chatelin, Minnie, Acadia Mines; Long, William B., Guelph; Hancock, Wm. J., Forest; Dore, Douthwaite, Riverside; Lowrie, Jessie E., Sarnia; Pinnell, Alice, Collingwood; McDonald, John, Winnipeg; Liston, Harry G., Winnipeg; Carleton, Jas., Winnipeg; Squires, Wm., Truro, N.S.; Wilcox, Bertha, Brigus, N.F.; Webster, Lilla, Carrol, Man.; Anderson, Pearl, New Glasgow; Bryan, Ella, Montreal; Doran, Annie, Kingston.

Toronto Goes Ahead.

The meetings conducted by Mrs. Booth and myself in Toronto were most encouraging. The crowded Temple on Sunday night, without the assistance of any outside corps, speaks louder than words. The spirit of the soldiery is splendid. Their number is also increasing. Major Coughlan was received with an ovation, and swallowed without sugar. Brigadier de Barritt was just as bright and energetic as ever. Staff-Captain Jewer looked rounder and more smiling for the trip, and Mrs. Jewer reflected in the "Guelph return." Of course, "He joined 'em" was the song of the hour. Praise God for the unity and freedom of these gatherings. God bless you all, my dear Toronto comrades. There are wonderful things ahead of you yet.

From Ensign to Adjutant.

May the best blessings crown the promotion of our dear comrade, Ensign Archibald and his wife. The Ensign came out from Truro, N.S., and has seen service as follows: Oxford, St. John, N.B.; Captain at Shediac, Moncton, Charlottetown, P.E.I., Toronto I., Ottawa, Montreal I., Halifax I., St. John I., Yarmouth, N.S., Windsor, Ensign J.S. War, Toronto Division; A.D.C. East Ontario and Quebec Brigade, and West Ontario Brigade; Hamilton Prince Gate Home, Lippincott Street Training Garrison, Temple corps, London I. corps and District, Guelph corps and District.

The Easter "Cry."

One of the most important duties that will fall to the lot of the new Editor will be the production of the Special Easter Cry. Who has not heard of the fame of the last number, and who has not seen that splendid supplement which to-day bedecks the walls of the houses of our officers, soldiers, and friends? Why should we not beat it with the coming number? We will try, and will spare no pains to make it the most interesting and inspiring War Cry ever yet published. The supplement, too, is already being prepared, and will prove an ornament to every home.

AUXILIARY COMMENTS.

MADDEN QUARTER,
Editor War Cry.

DEAR SIR,—Being a member of the Auxiliary league, and wishing to help, I enclose some comments, clippings, etc. Whatever is worthy, please insert, and the balance you may throw into the waste basket.

Yours in His service,
EDWARD IVES,
Auxiliary No. 242.

"The Christian woman of San Francisco have inaugurated a movement to restrain the sensationalism of the daily papers."

Some of the daily newspapers are literally reeking with immoral filth, and are not fit to be admitted to the home of any *Christian who values purity* of thought and action in the lives of the members of his family.

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"Rev. Charles Houston opened a hall in Wolverine, Mich., recently, with a prayer in which he asked that none might be led away in their hours of amusement."

Considering the great number of girls who have been ruined as a result of balls and dancing, etc., surely those who attended this hall needed praying for, but was it not questionable for a Gospel messenger to lend his influence to one of Satan's instruments of destruction by being present himself? Weak *Christians* always say so-and-so was there—why not me? Let not Salvationists in private dress countenance any such device of the devil.

"Rev. Simon Beasley, pastor of the Walnut Hill Colored Baptist Church in Cincinnati, lives at New Richmond, twenty-five miles distant, and walks the entire distance before services every Sunday morning, rain or fine, and after preaching the sermon, preaches to another congregation at night at New Richmond."

Fifty miles a day! Certainly, our colored brother leaves some Salvationists and Auxiliaries altogether in the shade. Brother Beasley must have an iron constitution to stand such a constitutional, but he doubtless gains inspiration for his sermons by communing with Nature's God in the pure air of Heaven. How much more exercise of pedestrianism over the ancient Sabbath day's journey cannot always be followed by weaker constitutions without impairment of health.

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"Rev. George Glenn, of Hughesville, Philadelphia, has earned the title of 'Fighting Parson.' Saturday night two young men, much the worse of liquor, insulted the minister as he walked along the street. He gently chided them, when one seized a buggy whip and struck Mr. Glenn a blow, cutting a gash on his cheek. In an instant the unmerciful coat was off, and in less than three minutes both young men were lying in the street, having been in a pugilistic sense, put to sleep. They were thrashed unmercifully."

The author of "*When one smiteth thee on one cheek turn to him the other also,*" is certainly rather to be followed as an example than this exponent of muscular Christianity. We trust no Salvationist will so far forget the teachings of the meek and lowly Jesus as to emulate either Glenn's or Sullivan's style of vanishing an affront. Forgiveness is better than retaliation.

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A friend related to me recently how he was the means of preventing the suicide of a despondent man, who was desperate for want of work and food, whom he invited to partake of his own dinner and observed him up by a pleasant afternoon and evening. Instead of lying at the bottom of the lake next day, he struck a job and secured steady employment, and became, so before, a useful member of society, as a result of a little friendly encouragement from the man to whom he divulged his intention of drowning himself.

In these hard and gloomy times, let every soldier encourage the downhearted and despondent whom they meet. A kind word often goes a long way towards winning souls for the Kingdom.

AUXILIARY.

—:—

JOTS.

It has been estimated that under the 300 Protestant foreign missionary societies there are 4,717 *men* and 3,766 women missionaries.

—:—

The latest statistics give the number of Roman Catholics in the world as 230,668,633; Protestants, 143,237,025; Greek Catholics, 98,010,000.

—:—

Justice Schotchal, of Baltimore, decided recently that eating peanuts in a place of worship was a crime, and fined two negroes $40 for committing such an offence in church.

How to Pray.

Praying is *knocking*. It does not simply state a case or enter upon a course of persevering seeking; it becomes importunate; it knocks, *thunders* at the door of mercy. The figure is easily understood. A man desires to have an interview with you; he, consequently, comes to your house and knocks till the door is opened, and he is admitted to an audience. So in prayer, we knock till God opens and admits us into His presence. Knocking expresses spirit of earnest determination. It is illustrated in the case of the importunate widow and the unjust judge. Look at her continual coming and success, albeit she appealed to an "unjust judge." But the Judge of the earth is not unjust, nor is He Judge only. He is your Father, and will not He hearken to His chosen ones who cry to Him day and night? Will He practice a policy of delay? Nay, verily; importunate prayer needs such a ready response. It is illustrated in the remarkable wrestlings of Jacob at the ford of Jabbok with the Man of Mystery until the breaking of the day, and where he held fast until He said: "Let Me go, for the day breaketh;" and Jacob said, "I will not *let Thee go, except Thou bless me.*" Dare we presume thus to enter into conflict with our Maker? May a worm of the earth wrestle with Omnipotence? Yes, the Holy One encourages the agony of prayer, and crowns the triumphant wrestler with Divine honors; He designates him "Israel," and thus gives him a place among the spiritual peers of His realm.

J.C.

DOWN WITH THE DRINK-DEVIL.

Death to the Tyrant!

Drinking usages are the chief cause of intemperance; and these derive their force and authority, in the first instance, wholly from those who give law to fashion.

—:o:—

"It is the disreputable Christian winedrinkers are the men who send forth from the high places of society, and scattered even from the portals of the sanctuary, an unsuspected, unrebuked, but powerful influence, which is secretly and silently doing on every side—among the young, among the aged, among even females—*its work of death.*"—BISHOP POTTER.

—:o:—

A young soldier was promoted to be a second lieutenant in one of the colored regiments. "Now let me sign the pledge," said he. Free drinking was then too common in officers' quarters. "Why, your colonel's liv drinks," said one of his comrades; "there is no danger of you drinking too much." "No," answered the young soldier, "I don't like the taste of liquor, and what is more, I don't mean to like it; so I intend to take my stand as an officer pledged against it." Not finding a temperance society to join, he wrote a pledge of total abstinence, signed his name to it, and put it in his pocket. "Let this new witness against me, so help me God!" he said.

—:o:—

A poor victim of intemperance, of cultivated intellect, had lost all hope of escape from the tyranny of his evil habit, and really despaired of anything but a drunkard's grave and a miserable eternity. President Bevins, of the College of New Jersey, one day met this miserable man, fell into conversation with him, and patiently heard his doleful story. The President said to him, "Sir, be of good cheer; you can be saved. Sign the pledge." "Oh!" said the despairing victim, "I have often signed the pledge, but I have always broken my pledge." "But," said the President, "I will be your strength to keep the pledge. I will be your friend, and, with a loving arm round you, will hold you up. When your appetite burns, and you feel as if you must go right down to my house, sit down with me in the study, or with the family in the parlor, and I will be a shield to you. All that I can do for you with my books, my sympathy, my experience, my society, my love, my money, I will do. You shall forget your appetite and master it." The tear of hope and joy gathered in that despairing eye, and the astonished man replied, "Sir, will you do all that?" "Surely I will." "Then I will overcome." He signed the pledge, and as long as the President lived he kept it.

—:o:—

In the course of an address given by Mrs. Hugh Price Hughes in reference to the drink traffic she spoke some excellent things. As many of our readers are aware, the husband of Mrs. Hugh Price Hughes has been conducting the mission which has always been willing to recognize its indebtedness to Salvation Army warfare for many of its tactics and methods:

The British Women's Temperance Association had many reasons to fear as time went on, and many men have yet to be learned before its warfare is accomplished; but it soon became evident to the most thoughtful leaders that the whole of total abstinence alone was wholly insufficient to cope with the monster drink traffic, with its huge capital and vested interests. We might and must fall back on moral suasion, some others from selfish, but as long as the traffic remained in our midst we might as well pour water into a sieve as try to conquer evil in that way.

The time came when it was felt that if not the British Women's Temperance Association was to do its work worthily and effectually it must be put on a wider and more comprehensive basis, and that its constitution must be made sufficiently elastic to allow it to adopt any and every method that would tend to the abolition of this awful evil—an evil which is at the root of all the terrible social problems with which we are confronted in the present day. This was a trying and momentous crisis, but under our noble and gifted President, Lady Henry Somerset, these difficulties were finally overcome, and last May the British Women's Temperance Association enthusiastically adopted the "Scheme," which is now being carried forward with great energy and spirit. Its main features are as follows:

The sending of a measure prohibiting the sale of drink to children.

To repeal the Act granting grocers' licenses.

To secure the election of Temperance candidates on all public bodies.

The admission of public houses on election days.

Scientific Temperance instruction to young people.

More effectual legislation for inebriates.

The suppression of the liquor traffic by means of the Direct Veto.

To pass an Imperial measure to prohibit the sale of intoxicating drink on Sunday.

To oppose licences at Newmarket meetings.

The circulation of Temperance literature.

Provoking and Reformatory work, and

Work to prevent the granting of liquor licences to places of entertainment.

CONQUEST OF DRUNKENNESS.

Alexander the Great began the second night's carousal with twenty quaffs at table. He drank the health of every person at table severally. After this he called for Hercules' cup, which held an incredible quantity, being filled, he poured it all down, drinking to Protea, a Macedonian of the company. Afterwards, he pledged him in the same extravagant bumper, and fell instantly upon the floor. Seneca says, "Here, then, this hero, unconquered by all the toils of prodigious marches, exposed to the dangers of sieges, and tempests, to a most violent extreme of heat and cold—here he has subdued by his intemperance, struck to the earth by the fatal cup of Hercules." He was seized with a fever which terminated in death in a few days, at the age of thirty-eight years.

THE PROHIBITION QUESTION

—FROM—

An English "War Cry" Standpoint.

We clip the following from the latest English *War Cry* to hand. The drink traffic is evidently exciting much attention the world over, and we believe the result, will, sooner or later, be the prohibition from commerce of this terrible beverage. May Canada take the lead! Amen!

"NO BREWS."

"While the Direct Veto'ists of the mother country are sick at heart with hope deferred, says the *Westminster Gazette*, "the Prohibition movement seems to be meeting with no small success in Canada. The Province of Ontario took a plebiscite on New Year's Day, and, according to the returns received from 232 municipalities, decided by a majority of more than two to one in favor of the 'immediate prohibition by law of the importation, manufacture, and sale of intoxicating liquors as a beverage.'

"Ontario, which is the premier Province of Canada, not only as regards population and wealth, but especially as regards all social, religious, and educational movements, has thus (as the *Chronicle* says) followed the example of Manitoba and Prince Edward Island in declaring decisively against the liquor trade; and, when the Courts have settled the question of jurisdiction, legislation will doubtless result. Contrary to expectation, the cities, despite the large liquor interests, are overwhelming in favor of prohibition. In Toronto the vote was 11,234 for prohibition and 8,701 against."

We are glad to see that the Salvation Army helped considerably to win this glorious victory. The secular Press reported our special meetings liberally and appreciatively, and on all hands the confidence of our officers—and especially of those engaged in Slum, Shelter, and Prison Gate work—was quoted as authoritative. Truly, in every branch of our work, impartial minds become convinced that there would be but few foreign and but little poverty were it not for the drink. The Canadian War Cry, of December 20th—which was a special Prohibition number—in one of its excellent cartoons* tersely pointed out five fearful facts:

1. Religious. The Gospel has no greater foe than the drink.

2. Historical. The liquor traffic has everywhere been an unmitigated curse.

3. Political. All license laws have failed in their true object.

4. Statistical. Canada's annual drink bill is over thirty million dollars, not counting indirect losses.

5. Moral. The liquor traffic is the prolific source of crime, disease, woe and want.

We verily believe that if the Dominion had to buy up all the liquor at retail price and pour it down the drains to prevent its reaching her children's stomachs, she would be well to pay the price. But, better still, she can save the grain and other materials that are misused in the manufacture of intoxicants, and can utilize the capital invested in the destructive business to manufactures that will profitably engage as or more times as many workers as are employed by the brewers who now control the Canadian Parliament, and in anti-drink legislation! We trust England will not be far behind her Colonies.

(*Cartoon per Editor of "War Cry."—ED.)

Dedication Service.

STRATFORD.—God has not forgotten us in this part of the vineyard, but is helping us to go fearlessly forward, and is giving us victory. Adjutant Collier was with us over the week-end. The meetings were well attended. On Sunday night the barracks was filled, and I may say the collection was the largest we have ever had for years. We had a powerful meeting. Two of our comrades publicly gave their little one to the Lord, and best of all, at the close

EVE SOUL KNELT AT THE CROSS AND FOUND PARDON.

—BELLA CLARK, S.C.

Give to Jesus Glory.

WIARTON.—We have had quite an experience in our Circle Corps trip this week. We started out with wheels, and the second day a terrible snow-storm overtook us, so we had forty-one miles to travel with the wheels through the deep snow. Mustings good all round. We had three meetings at Tike's Bay this week, and we had two for salvation, two backslider's reclaimed, and two for a clean heart, making six in all. Others seeking, and a number held up their hands for prayer. Thank God our hard work was not in vain. In Wiarton on Sunday night the Spirit worked, and two held on their hand for prayer.—Captain BOWE and WIFE.

Port Arthur's Maidon Report.

It is so long since I took my pen to write a War Cry report, then I feel I scarcely know where to begin, but I praise God with all my heart for restoring me to health sufficiently to take my place again in the War. After five months' illness and rest, I received orders to open Port Arthur. The work is going on beautifully here. The crowds are all we can desire—hall filled every night, and often every bit of standing room at the back taken up. Divine splendor is one of good friends—in fact, Port Arthur is just the place for the Salvation Army. Lots of work to be done. Our first real Sunday was one week ago, and we have seen two come out, followed by six more the Sunday following. Altogether twenty professed salvation one week, a number of whom are on the platform testifying. A day or two ago a Presbyterian gentleman handed me $25.00, which he had collected for us for a drum. He also got up to our first 7 a.m. knee-drill, the first time he had been up so early in two years. The Rev. Mr. Murray, of the Presbyterian Church, has been on our platform a number of times and assisted in the meeting, and Rev. Dr. Maclean, of the Methodist Church, very kindly came to our help, and his voice was gone through a heavy cold, and had a meeting in proper style. The Christians are getting blessed and taking hold a bit better than at first, and we are having fine times. One man, seeing a friend of his, a little the worse of liquor, come to the penitent-form, congratulated him on the step he had taken, at the same time saying we were the "best thing that ever struck the town." And so we are going on expecting blessed victories here.—Captain JESSIE E. SLATER.

N.B.—WAR CRYS sell like "hot cakes"—a couple of boxes on the street emptied them, and so we will be obeying the Editor's heart by raising our order very soon.—J. E. M.

Calgary.

Since last report, we are having glorious times up here. We are not seeing great rushes to the penitent-form, but the ones and twos we do get are genuine, and we pray God to keep. Captain Barber has dropped the reins of the corps, and Captain Cowan has taken up the work. We are glad at keeping retaining Lieutenant Comstock to help pull down the devil's kingdom here, and, praise be Jesus, our ranks are swelling, but there are still lots to win, if they would yield to the stirrings of the Spirit, would also be on the Lord's side. Captain Cowan arrived yesterday, and although tired out with her journey, took hold afternoon and night. May God bless her and own her labors here in the salvation of precious souls. The Lieutenant has been holding the fort since Saturday, and God blessed her efforts in bringing in one precious soul who had been a miserable backslider for many years, to Himself. Praise the dear Lord, "His blood can make the vilest clean."—D. R. B.

Owen Sound.

We can thank God for another week of victory. Our meetings all day Sunday were good. The afternoon free-and-easy was a real old-fashioned time. Christians testifying all round the place. The night meeting was the crowning time, when

THREE SOULS SOUGHT SALVATION WITH TEARS OF REPENTANCE.

May God by His grace keep them all true. He will if they trust Him as all to Him who has promised to keep us till He comes again. We have had two or three friendly visits from the Rev. Mr. Magee; also a very kind one from Rev. Mr. Holden, colored minister. We are having some good times, and a few souls. The officers and soldiers of this place are going in to do all they can to bring sinners to the feet of Him Who died that all might live.—Mrs. JOSHUA STEVENSON.

A Backslider Returns.

RIVERSIDE.—Only a few on the march this particular night, but those few were rewarded. The sound of the drum attracted a man to the barracks, and in the prayer meeting he made his way back to the cross; for once he had known the same story that was told him that night. He went home and said to his wife that he had been to the Salvation Army penitent-form. May our brother be true. Sunday the meetings were good. The truth wounded many hearts but they would not surrender. We are determined to win.—E. J. BANKS, Captain.

BRIGADER JACOBS.

BRIGADE-CAPTAIN GOOBY AND THE ICEBOUND DISTRICT.

High Tides of Expectation.

THE CAPTAIN'S SCHOOL.

IRON FOR THE NEW SCHOONER.

Would You Like to Put a Plank in?

SINCE I LAST WROTE YOU from Tilt Cove, I have spent a few days at St. Johns on business matter. Viewed once again the place so dear to me—old No. 1. The sights of sin! filth v side of the lane a few moments previously, in order to allow his lordship room to pass; I thought "I would like to have seen that creature come through the water. "You go first dear," I said to the Major, "let me see how deep it is."

Yes, gave my Presbyterian gentleman handed me $25.00, which he had collected for us for a drum. He also got up to our first 7 a.m. knee-drill, the first time he had been up so early in two years. The Rev. Mr. Murray, of the Presbyterian Church, has been on our platform a number of times and assisted in the meeting, and Rev. Dr. Maclean, of the Methodist Church, very kindly came to our help, and his voice was gone through a heavy cold, and had a meeting in proper style. The Christians are getting blessed and taking hold a bit better than at first, and we are having fine times. One man, seeing a friend of his, a little the worse of liquor, come to the penitent-form, congratulated him on the step he had taken, at the same time saying we were the "best thing that ever struck the town." And so we are going on expecting blessed victories here.—Captain JESSIE E. SLATER.

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Welland is all There Yet, in Spite of

170 miles driving in eight days, home again with the reward of Souls Saved, Backsliders and wrong roads) of an assistant from the Flying Squadron. Now, Mr. Editor, take this as a report of work. Lieutenant Bickett, an old friend of Midland, spent Sunday here and had a good time.—Captain F. MCKENZIE.

Banquet at Portage la Prairie.

Our much-announced banquet has come to pass. All day Monday found some of the comrades busy, under the supervision of our indefatigable officers, putting up tables and bringing in the provisions which the good people of Portage had prepared for us. Five o'clock found us starting out on a march, thereby announcing supper as being ready.

ABOUT 275 SAT DOWN TO SUPPER

and did ample justice to the good things provided. At eight o'clock a meeting in the Town Hall which was nearly full. Here it was announced that a ten-cent supper was to be held, and at ten o'clock the barracks was again filled with apparently hungry people, the proceeds are in aid of the building fund—new barracks being the next thing on the list for Portage la Prairie. Captain Shea was with us, also Brigadier Wiseman and wife, who are to remain with us for a time. Our late officers have farewelled. That God may bless and prosper them, is the prayer of every comrade. Yours in the fight,—Sergeant W. CROCKFORD, Special Correspondent.

Brussels' Spouts.

God's presence with us is the Sunday meetings. Soldiers getting along well in their souls. A few of their testimonies:

Brother Beam's sufficiency is of God.

Sister Beam, who has not been able to be to meeting for some months, is saved and sweet in her soul.

Brother Osborne.—"If we would get along in the inner life we must submit to God."

Brother Bateman.—"God has done a wonderful work for me, and I know I can trusting Him. If I did not I should fail."

Brother Wright proves it is good to have God inside the door.—WIGHT.

IN THE JUNGLES.

"If you come to a river, don't take any notice, go straight on, hold up your Sari (Indian dress), let your under-skirt get wet, it will be all right, and will dry long before we get to the meeting."

I was quite new to Ceylon, and therefore gladly accepted this piece of information from an English lassie officer accompanying me in my first visit to the Jungles.

Full prepared to carry out instructions, we set out in the very early morning for a seven-mile walk through wild jungle scenery, relieved here and there by cocoanut plantations. We reached the river's brink, it was not very swollen, but the current *seemed* strong. I was determined that nothing should disturb the serenity of my soul, or shake my resolutions.

Alas, for human nature, I stood looking at the huge

Footprints Left in the Mud

by the monster elephant, who had compelled us to answer up into the bushes on the side of the lane a few moments previously, in order to allow his lordship room to pass; I thought "I would like to have seen that creature come through the water.

"You go first dear," I said to the Major, "let me see how deep it is."

Yes, gave my Presbyterian gentleman, shimed in a big native officer, and off they started leaving the English Captain and myself to watch their progress.

The native was no novice at that kind of thing, he had got over and deposited the harmonium on the opposite side before the Major had passed the middle of the stream, we were mentally enjoying the fun, and calculating the chances of a collapse in the middle of the Major, forgetting that we too must cross the flood.

The Singalese officer had re-crossed and was by my side saying "No Major, it no good for you, your feet very hot and tired, you take off your sandals and put your feet in the water, then you'll'ego get fever, let me carry you, you very *little* and you not used yet to deep waters, very bad for you," remonstrances were unavailable, the good-natured fellow proceeded "When de Colonel Buhani came we did carry her, io

A Chair Cross Da Water,

but not get chair to-day, my arms quite sofe, I not drop you," and he did not, his strong tender arms soon landed me on the other side with apparently very little effort, and then returning again, did the same kindness for the Captain;

Through beautiful green paddy fields we wended our way, at the end of which, in the far distance on the top of a hill enveloped in lovely foliage, we could discern the outline of the officers' quarters.

Oh, that hill, what sales it could tell; there, over and over again our dear jungle warriors had met week by week to help bless and encourage each other in the Lord. What pourings out of inmost soul, what struggles, agonies, victories those mud walls had witnessed. Truly it had become the jungle Bethel to many souls.

A long narrow shed without a window, or an apology for an attempt at one, four and eight, a mud floor, an overhanging roof of plaited cocoanut leaves; as we approached we could discern a long, narrow aperture in the mud wall resembling a coffin on its end, but coming near we discovered it was the entrance of the house, serving as door and window. The raised ground under the overhanging roof forms a nice little verandah where, had the King's business not required haste, we could have sat and revelled in the scene of beauty before us. The pale green of the growing rice below, contrasting so beautifully with the dark green of the cocoanut trees, and the

Rich Profusion of Dark Foliage

behind and beyond, and perhaps, yes, doubtless, the most beautiful contrast was afforded by a solid mass of yellow of our officers' uniform as they passed to and out amongst the trees.

To witness from a distance a procession of uniformed Salvationists of India and Ceylon winding their way through forests of tall palms and cocoanut trees, is a sight not soon forgotten. The contrast is so startling and vivid, and the harmony so complete.

Dear, precious native officers, so thoughtful they are, no sooner had we arrived than one, tying his feet with his shoulder-cloth, commenced to ascend the long, smooth trunk of a cocoanut tree, and plucking two or three young nuts, threw them to the ground and slid down as nimbly almost as a squirrel chor them. With a huge knife, or something that served as one, the shell was punctured, and the milk poured out to quench our thirst. The milk (or water, as here called) of cocoanuts is their only growth is very refreshing, and quite a favorite and wholesome drink here. Another officer was setting warm water that we might bathe our feet, and another preparing food.

Then away again to barracks half a mile distant for a meeting. Oh, what a meeting! We listened, and looked, and thought, and wept, and prayed, almost too overcome to speak.

The Joy of a Living Christ

beamed through every eye. So few present, apologised the D. O., but in every family there are three or four down, and some dying, with fever, such a bad time of the year. Oh, Ceylon! lovely Ceylon! surely God's purpose is thy salvation. Oh, would that we could encircle thy every son and daughter in the arms of conquering love and faith, and carry them to the foot of our Christ, Whose heart yearns with deep compassion for thy freedom.

Evening shades and heavy dews fall quickly; a hurricane lamp the D. O. is fortunate enough to possess, and with this carried low, in front, we manage to follow along the winding wet paths, listening to the sound of many frogs, and other insects, the hedges and ditches being even now brimful of life and animation.

The moon rose high in the clear, cloudless sky, as we sat in the verandah of our native officer's residence, with being removed from our sandals on his feet, a native umbrella in one hand, and on his arm

A Peculiar Looking Little Basket

(home) made from the inside of a leaf from a tree.

The contents are simply a bottle of quinine, some fever medicine, a few slips of paper, a pencil, and a testament.

From village to village he tramps, administering according to the natural lessons. He could carry bushels of rice round on this back over rivers, and ditches, and all kinds of places, but he finds out the sick and starving. The latter he gives a slip in each case, upon which he has written the quantity of rice, etc., to be given. This slip quickly carried to the quarters meets with a hearty response from the Captain in waiting for this purpose. To the sick he supplies medicine.

In his last week's returns the Adjutant reports sixteen villages visited, 261 families relieved, 250 measures of rice given, twenty two measures of beans, besides other things.

"I cannot tell you," writes this devoted officer, "all the scenes of sorrow and poverty I have witnessed; tongue would fail me, and pen refuse to describe; hundreds stricken down with fever, and

Many Fainting for Food.

Everyone received us gladly, and in spite of prejudices were so thankful for the help and sympathy rendered.

One woman and her three children were just about to make a meal of a rat they had found (though this, I understand, is nothing unusual here).

In one village the people were trying to satisfy themselves with yams (a kind of small, very inferior and unwholesome wild potato), but they could not eat them without

Everyone Begged for Salt,

and had no money to buy, so in that village we gave salt. In another they were eating only littul (the inside bark of a tree); there we gave rice, etc.

"My own soul has been blessed," writes this dear officer, "and my heart more than ever drawn out in sympathy for the Singhalese, and I believe God will yet bring this dear Island to His feet."

Not a word about the hardship, the hot sun, or the long walking does his report contain, but is one long note of praise for the privileges and opportunity.

"In one house," wrote another officer a few weeks since, "I went and found all the family down with fever and a child lying dead in the same hut. The mother, so weak, had wound it up in an old mat, and left it. No one came to bury it. I asked if I should, and they said, 'Yes.' A coffin was out of the question, but I took it my shoulder cloth and wound the little baby in it and buried the child. The parents were so thankful because I prayed over and

Buried the Baby;

but, oh, my heart was saddened as I thought of our poor dear people suffering so!"

This is the sad side. There is a brighter side to Ceylon warfare.

Many jewels have been won from these fair shores, and many yet shall adorn the diadem of our King sought out from amongst the treasures of darkness.

Let your prayers and faith hasten that day.

Very affectionately yours for Ceylon's Salvation, PARMANANDI.

Colombo Headquarters, it was only to think and plan for the mitigation of these woes and the alleviation of such suffering.

How long before the next rice crop will be ready? Two months, and during that time what are these people to do? we enquired. Starve, or do what they can.

The Last Crop was a Failure,

hence the present and condition of things.

The next day an appeal was in the paper and already up to date we have received about 320 rupees, which has nearly all been expended and distributed.

The Editor of the paper sent the first $20, and with that we sent Adjutant Wickramasinghe up to the famine-stricken district, and there he is to-day, doing as Jesus did, giving the multitudes to eat on this wise.

In the midst of the starving villages we have an officers' quarters, the one already referred to, and from that centre the Adjutant is working. The little Bethel is turned into a miniature provision store, where the rice we are able to send day by day as the money comes in, is deposited.

Take a peep at this bright, happy English Staff-officer, whose seven years in the tropics has made him so one with the natives, as he sets off on his round at six in the morning. A red Salvation Army handkerchief twisted round his head, his sandals on his feet, a native umbrella in one hand, and on his arm

A Peculiar Looking Little Basket

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Everyone received us gladly, and in spite of prejudices were so thankful for the help and sympathy rendered.

One woman and her three children were just about to make a meal of a rat they had found (though this, I understand, is nothing unusual here).

In one village the people were trying to satisfy themselves with yams (a kind of small, very inferior and unwholesome wild potato), but they could not eat them without

Everyone Begged for Salt,

and had no money to buy, so in that village we gave salt. In another they were eating only littul (the inside bark of a tree); there we gave rice, etc.

"My own soul has been blessed," writes this dear officer, "and my heart more than ever drawn out in sympathy for the Singhalese, and I believe God will yet bring this dear Island to His feet."

Not a word about the hardship, the hot sun, or the long walking does his report contain, but is one long note of praise for the privileges and opportunity.

"In one house," wrote another officer a few weeks since, "I went and found all the family down with fever and a child lying dead in the same hut. The mother, so weak, had wound it up in an old mat, and left it. No one came to bury it. I asked if I should, and they said, 'Yes.' A coffin was out of the question, but I took it my shoulder cloth and wound the little baby in it and buried the child. The parents were so thankful because I prayed over and

Buried the Baby;

but, oh, my heart was saddened as I thought of our poor dear people suffering so!"

This is the sad side. There is a brighter side to Ceylon warfare.

Many jewels have been won from these fair shores, and many yet shall adorn the diadem of our King sought out from amongst the treasures of darkness.

Let your prayers and faith hasten that day.

Very affectionately yours for Ceylon's Salvation, PARMANANDI.

"HAVE FAITH IN GOD."

BY ENSIGN GALT.

For some time past I have been intending to write a few lines on the subject of "Prayer and Faith." It seems that our precious Master has of late led me out more than ever on these lines, and perhaps a little of my experience may be helpful to somebody else.

In the first place, let us trust God's Word. Whatever else fails this never *will*. "Heaven and earth shall pass away, but My Word shall not pass away."

Jesus has unmistakably stated that if we seek the Kingdom of God and His righteous *first* everything else shall be added unto us. Oftentimes we

Neglect the Conditions

and wonder that there is not a fulfilment of the promise. We are so bent upon looking after our own interests that the dear Lord has but little chance to show Himself strong in our behalf, we ourselves quite forgetting that "the victory that overcometh the world" is "even our faith."

God is loving, hallelujah, and has He not said that He will supply all our need "according to His riches in glory"?

Now just a word or two about the conditions to obtain which we may pass the heavenly bank and draw all we require, feeling sure that the Heavenly Banker will honor our draft.

We must not selfishly intend nor even want to squander what we get upon ourselves. Now this holds good in spiritual as well as temporal blessings. God is as grieved over selfishness manifested in the one as He is in the other. Then our draft must be presented in the name of Jesus Christ. And lastly, we must not be

Impatient nor Discouraged

if we are kept waiting a little while. "Though it tarry wait for it, because it will surely come."

Here is a poor soul crushed down beneath a tremendous financial burden. How I can sympathize with such a one, for have I not been in that very same position myself, and would likely be there still but that Jesus has been teaching me the secret of prayer.

Now, instead of immediately calling forth with a heavy heart and a collecting book (I don't wish to cast reflections upon the collecting books, dear comrades, remember), how much better and more effectual, too, to go to one's knees and find out God's will in the matter, and our faith and confidence in Him will soon find a practical

"Recompense of Reward."

He will show us just the right step to take. And, oh, how much wiser to go to work in His strength than to rush about it in a haphazard fashion of our own.

It is true that there are times when God will let us suffer, and will apparently turn a deaf ear to our petitions, at any rate for the time being.

Let me instance a case. A soldier (or an officer, which is much worse) will violate His distinct command, "One no man anything."

It is true the furniture is shockingly shabby and the floors bare and comfortless. But that is no reason for disobeying God. Had we but

Sought His Glory

the "all things" would no doubt have been added. Instead of this, however, we hurry off to the furniture shop, and from thence to the carpet warerooms and "trust the Lord to pay for the things."

Jesus does not honor faith of this kind. It is no faith, but disobedience and dishonesty, and let us set our faces as a flint against it. But if we in very truth seek His glory before all else we may be sure He will care for our wants.

How many, many times, especially of late, have I proved His exceeding love and goodness, and am convinced that the

More Childlike we Grow

in spirit the easier it is to "ask and receive."

"Once I was painful, trying,
Now I'm perfect through and through
Once a half salvation,
Now the whole is mine.
Once I was continually sighing,
Now I'm continual rest,
Once I was constant doubting,
Now my comfort's cent."

Many Thanks!

Mrs. Booth wishes to acknowledge the receipt of $1.50 for the Rescue Work, and $1.50 for the Children's Shelter, from Ka Nagasand Cedarcre, Vancouver, British Columbia.

Australia's Love Token

TO CANADA.

A NEW WAR CRY EDITOR.

Commandant and Mrs. Booth Successfully Conduct a Niagara Welcome, Praise and Farewell Demonstration at Old No. 1. Corps, Toronto.

Flying Squadron Make Their Last Bow as a Whole Number, and Disperse for Different Parts of the Battlefield.

We have heard, we have gone, we have seen. Captain Wiseman's lecture to the Cadets: "How to get up a Successful Demonstration," evidently was not merely gathered from theory; practical results were seen anyway at the banquet, which was, to out it short, "a representative Eastern success."

After the banquet was over, a united march to the corner of Queen and Spadina; then came a separation, and while the massed band and women-Cadets, led by the Commandant, marched along and held an open-air, Staff-Captain Jewes and about two dozen male officers and soldiers

Did a Double-Quick,

and manœuvred to their hearts' content, and the astonishment of the natives. Onlookers saw a body of men rushing hither and thither, dropping on their knees in the roadway, shouting out announcements, praying for sinners, and finally, after rousing the neighborhood, joining the main procession, and together holding a united open-air meeting. A splendid crowd gathered round, thrilling testimonies and exciting comparisons followed, and after a pitched battle with the devil and his imps, we retired victoriously from the open-air battle to an inside one in the barracks.

A good crowd greeted the Commandant as the band led off in the opening song.

The secret as to why so much

Enthusiasm Salvation Joy Manifested

itself in the meeting was let out by Ensign Cowan who, on rising from our knees (after introducing song and earnest pleading for divine blessing by Mrs. Brigadier de Barrit and Ensign Smeaton) asked:

"I have lived and lived with Jesus for many a happy year."

The Commandant followed in a happy reminiscence conversable tone, and before introducing the new Editor, gave us a little information as to the first commencement of attempts to run a WAR CRY in the Salvation Army. Amusing was his account of the old gas engine that had to explode before it commenced its work, and instructive and inspiring his comparison between then and now; congratulatory was he as to Canada's Salvation Army resources in the printing line, and laudatory his remarks concerning the experienced business manager, whom he had just promoted to Ensign. A united vote of hands up secured him, and as the introductory song of Major Coughlin, the unique and continuous recurring to the memory war chant,

"He lets 'em."

As he sang people were interested, then amused, then reminded that perhaps their prejudices had unnecessarily interfered with their approbation of and assistance more of our Army.

The Major was immediately joined to the affections of all present, and his

Witty References, Brotherly Remarks,

personal experience, and advice to the sinners served to cement the bonds and to make all present feel they were well suited with their new WAR CRY Editor.

The meeting subsided from overjoyous glee to deep solemnity, as the Commandant recalled to memory the numbers of officers who had been lured away from God-given posts by selfish panderings to lusts of all descriptions, and who have been cheated out of opportunity to work for the salvation of souls—even into hell itself.

The Cadets who presently lined the front of the platform come from Newfoundland, New Brunswick, Nova Scotia, Cape Breton, Ontario, and Manitoba, no doubt were affected by our leader's charge to

Stick to Simplicity

and truthfulness, and without an exception their testimonies, which they were called upon individually to give, breathed out the spirit of human weakness, but consciousness of divine help and determination to stick to first principles. The proceedings were enlivened a bit, and the newly-promoted Lieutenants cheered up on receiving their commissions for the field, accompanied by cheerful, happy advice and remarks from the Commandant.

A tremendous volley of welcome greeted

The Rising of Mrs. Booth,

who proceeded to inspire and encourage all who were taking fresh responsibilities upon themselves. She reminded us all, however, that God could not bless those who were too lazy to go down before Him for fresh inspiration before going to meetings, and that while there were new privileges to enjoy, there were other devils to face but God, even our God, was more than all that could come against us. She urged us all to be clothed with the righteousness of God, and before closing we dropped on our knees and sang,

"Holy Spirit, seal me, I pray."

A fitting conclusion to our gathering.

F. T. M.

Gathered at Monday Night's Meeting.

He had a jolly, jovial, salvation face, wore a hard-hitter hat, and coat with tails that fly in the wind, and in his hand he carried the flag staff. Something about him attracted me to him, so I gripped his hand and said, "How long have you been in the Army?"

"About six years," he replied.

"The Army is a lively concern, isn't it?" said I.

"Yes, and I was a lively card before I met them and got saved."

"But you are lively now," I retorted.

The reply came:

"I mean in sin. I was a poor drunkard."

An opportunity presented itself here for him to testify, which he did. Standing near the pavement, on which stood the interested hearers, he shouted:

"Down at the Army penitent form I, a drunkard, cried to Jesus to forgive me and set me free, and He delivered me from the drink, bless His name!"

"Left turn; forward!" sang out Brigadier de Barrit's inspiring voice, and the whole column moved on towards another place from which to attack.

At a second open-air attack a brother with a magnificent cough (it looked like real sealskin) and a splendid well-made and well-fitting coat, that cost quite a few dollars to take out of the tailor's hands, with a pair of good kid gloves on his hands, was armed into the middle of the ring by the Commandant, and there gave his testimony. Said he:

"I am glad that I am saved above public opinion. Five years ago I was converted in the Salvation Army. I used to spend my money there (pointing to a drinking saloon at the opposite corner); now my money goes into right and proper channels."

This brother is a walking proof of the truth of the saying that "godliness is profitable unto all things," and his tailor ought to pay the Army corps funds at Hagar stated a percentage for the extra business they have done during the last nine years.

ALPHA.

"GO THROUGH!"

BY AN INDIAN OFFICER.

Isaiah xliii. 2. Zechariah xiii. 9.

Father, Thou dost lead and guide me,
Through deep waters bid me go—
Thou Who art so wise, all-seeing,
Knowing what I do not know.
Thou hast told me what to do,
Thy will be done, I will go through.

Jesus, Thou hast died to save me,
Let me die, and conquer, too;
Thou hast suffered, and I love Thee,
There is naught I would not do.
For Thy dear sake, I will be true,
And by Thy grace, I will go through.

Holy Spirit dwelling in me,
Only Thee have I to fear,
Comforter of my heart for Thee,
Thy sweet presence all my cheer,
Power to be and power to do,
The power is Thine, I will go through.

The glory all to Thee, my Father,
Praise and honor to Thy Son—
Oh! the wealth of love and power,
Centered in Thee—Three in One!
Thy Godhead for my comfort, too,
With Thee my God, I will go through.

About Ensign Dowell.

A good, square, physical frame, hard like iron; a face by nature free from the least trace of a beard, but revealing a strong personality; a spirit crush with energy, and all the better that the Lord and he are one—a sort of hallelujah bomb-shell cruising around and generally stirring one and all—is Ensign Dowell, the saved Newfoundlander, who has for the last ten months had charge of Collingwood Corps and District, in the interests of God and the Army.

Ignorant of the dead language—in fact, anything *dead* he couldn't tolerate—we can safely quote concerning him the new Canadians' famous chorus:

"He hasn't been to college,
He's got no the blessed knowledge—
That his sins are all forgiven,
And he's on his way to heaven!
Hallelujah! Hallelujah!"

His career before conversion gives ample evidence of the restless energy of his nature. He ran through the positions of store clerk, miner, blacksmith, dancing-master, ship's-cook, pilot's assistant, travellers' guide, engineer, and butler, with amazing rapidity; and, strange to say, succeeded at them all. His greatest enemy was himself, and he proved that "the way of transgressors is hard." Unfortunately, too, the exhibitions he saw of the life of Christ in some of the professing Christians he met with, were and caricatures of the sweet, holy life of the Crucified.

The store-keeper for whom Dowell did the cleaning was a church member, of a big, beefy form. He hadn't grace enough to stand young Dowell's impudence, and although it was in the presence of the minister himself, he on one occasion resorted to extreme measures, and Mr. Dowell, store-keeper's clerk, found himself outside the door with a number nine boot planted

very forcibly against a convenient part of his anatomy. A fight ensued. The store-keeper waited three months for Dowell's apology, but, although in the wrong, Dowell would not apologize, and took to mining, where "the first two hours' work seemed as long as twenty."

He was now careering away, Mazeppa-like, on the mountains of sin. He had flung loose the reins of desire, and every minute was in danger of sudden judgment and eternal pain.

There was a fine young man who used to dance at the rooms Dowell attended. The young fellow was strikingly handsome, the favorite of every girl who came to the dancing-hall, and he knew it. His conceit was insufferable. One day when down the mine shaft, this same young fellow put forth his head just when the cage was descending. In an instant the front of his face was smashed, and to such an extent that he has been disfigured ever since.

Another awful incident occurred which struck clearly into young Dowell's dead soul, and awakened him at last to some sense of his danger. They had a foreman in the mine who was the very smartest man there—more skilful than others. In times of danger he would be seen putting his finger to the tip of his ear, to catch the sound of the crunch of the rock overhead, before the roof of the working finally caved in. "Run, boys!" he would shout, and set the example himself with all speed. He saved hundreds of lives by his timely warnings. He was an expert at his work. Standing in a rocky passage in a dangerous part of the mine, one afternoon, just before "knocking-off time," he took out his watch, and taking the Holy Name of the Lord Jesus Christ in vain, he said: "In ten minutes I shall be out of this." The words were but just out of his mouth when a lump of rock dropped from the roof of the passage and broke in his skull. He dropped dead on the spot. To this day the blood stains are on either side the working where he stood. This awful incident was used to thoroughly arouse young Dowell. Eternal realities arose in all their tremendous significance before his mental vision. Then came in the power of the Spirit the glorious old Army. To him it was indeed an Army of deliverance. With his estimable wife he sought and found Jesus, and being filled with the new life, they finally launched right out into officership, and are now full swing in the work, including their ten-year-old daughter, who sells the *Young Soldier*.

"What do you think of the Circle Corps system?" I asked.

"I think it is a complete success. I know of no better system. We have six places regularly worked in their proper order."

"Did you find the system worked well in connection with your Self Denial effort?"

"Excellently. Forcrahan, the centre place of the Circle, has eighty-seven population, and Captain Green raised there $66. Hallelujah!"

The WAR CRY wishes Ensign and Mrs. Dowell every temporal and eternal blessing.

J. G.

Down With the Drink!

THE GREAT CONVENTION AT TORONTO.

The Commandant and Mrs. Booth Drop Into a Back Seat to Listen, but are Called Up to the Front by the President.

THE COMMANDANT SPEAKS, AND THE HOUSE RESPONDS ENTHUSIASTICALLY.

Some time ago when the great effort to secure the vote for Prohibition in the Province of Ontario was in progress, the Army was privileged to take no small share in the effort. For this end the Salvation Army conducted meetings in all the principal cities and towns.

On Tuesday, the 6th, a Prohibition demonstration was held in Toronto in the Horticultural Pavilion, at which 1,500 delegates from all parts of Ontario assembled. The hall was crowded with over 2,000 people. A striking illustration of the respect for the Army, and the appreciation felt for its labors, as well as for the services rendered the Prohibition movement by its present leaders was given in the warmest manner by this great and representative assembly. The Commandant and Mrs. Booth being deeply interested in the Convention, dropped into the meeting in the evening, and took an obscure back seat, to listen unnoticed to what was said.

It was not long, however, before the Rev. Dr. Potts noticed the Commandant, and suggested to the chairman that as Commandant Booth was in the building, he should be asked to take a place on the platform. The chairman rose, and with several eulogistic remarks, invited the Commandant and Mrs. Booth to a front seat. He said amid great applause there was no man in all that assembly more worthy of a place at the front of that platform than was Commandant Booth.

Shortly afterwards the Commandant was called upon to give an address, and on rising, was received with a tremendous ovation of spontaneous appreciation for the Army's work in the glorious cause under consideration. The Commandant's address was listened to with rapt attention, and called forth repeated and enthusiastic applause. At the close of the meeting both he and Mrs. Booth were warmly grasped by the hand by a very large number of the leading people present.

A Dead Saint.

ROLL AWAY THE STONE.

A Bible Reading by Commissioner Booth-Tucker.

"Jesus, therefore, again groaning in Himself,"—"I decrease He grows within Himself," said the Commissioner, "as He faces some congregations now—perhaps even in this assembly He groans because He sees that some captive soul, which might be at liberty, is comparatively speaking, not so. In the story of Lazarus, Jesus comes and stands before the grave, not of a dead sinner, but of a dead saint.

"Sometimes we weep and groan over the dead sinner, and God knows there is need for it; we want more Captains, and Lieutenants, and Commissioners, who will have groans, and tears, and Jesus' heart of compassion for sinners; but it seems to me that Jesus Christ has some special groans and tears for the dead saints.

"I wonder if there are any here this afternoon! Lazarus lived once. It is true there are many here who have given plenty of life in them. Hallelujah! But, perhaps there are others who were alive once who are dead now. You were alive when you came to a mighty Tent Day with God. You felt as if, in His strength, you could do anything; but you are dead to-day, or nearly so.

"Jesus Christ stood before the grave of Lazarus. It was a cave. There are a good many caves in Canada-days; I am afraid there are a few cave-hole, and stones lying upon the top of them. What difference would it have made supposing that the cave had been carpeted, with pictures hanging on it, and a dinner laid there! Supposing it had been fitted up as a dining-room! Ah, there are some drawing-room caves now-a-days, and some

People who are Locked Up

in them. What difference would it have made if, instead of a stone, it had been a wooden door, with a brass knob, and a bell to ring, which Jesus Christ came and pulled, but could get no reply? Are there not some Lazaruses now-a-days who are in a cave?

"Jesus Christ, I suppose, was surrounded with graves, and it seems to me as if the living Jesus Christ of to-day, whom He stands in the midst of the Christianity of to-day, with Christians on the right hand and on the left, sees nothing but graves. What difference would it have made if Lazarus had had a different sort of dress, even if he had had on a uniform? Keep what over! It would have been a grave all the same, because he himself was dead. Jesus Christ to-day sees caves of dead organizations—business caves, home caves; and Jesus Christ wants to preach in them to all those who are buried in them.

"There are corps—I am afraid sometimes even brass bands—that are practically caves. In Lazarus's case Jesus comes and says, 'Roll away the stone!' He calls to the corps, to the organists, to the musical section, to the friends. Now, then, let us shove away the stone in this meeting! There is something for us to do. As Christ came to that churchyard meeting,

He Wasn't Going to do all the Work

Himself. He looks at the stone and says: 'Take ye away the stone.' And so, I suppose, after a bit of a pause, Peter comes, and perhaps even Judas Iscariot, to give the stone a shove. Can't we impart some more faith into these meetings, which will enable us to roll away the stones that lie in front of our friends, and ex-officers, and outcasts, who ought to be insiders? Some of you are

Buried in England

who ought to be transported across the seas. Jesus says: 'Roll away the stone; send him to some foreign country!' Will you let Him do it? Could you contribute to you what your cave is time after time.

"*By this time he stinketh.*"—There is nothing so corrupt and miserable as sin; and perhaps the worst sort of sin is the sin of the saints—that cold-heartedness, which God Almighty has said He will spew out of His mouth—the indifference, the formality. Why is it that the sinners get out of the way of the saints? Because, as a rule, the saints say, just what Martha said of Lazarus, 'Lord, by this time he stinketh. He hath been dead four days'—and that, in a hot climate, means about as much as forty days in England. Might not that be written in our school if any boy dared to snore he was given a 'cold pig'—a jug of water. (Laughter.) It seems to me we are surrounded by a lot of snoring saints. The misery of others they can't see; it is as much as they can do to hear the cry of their own babes at home.

"*Lazarus, come forth!*"—Lazarus had to do what he could. Some of you are waiting for something to happen. Jesus says, 'Come forth!'—some out of their homes, out of their country, out of their corps, to lose friends and relations; come to come out of their sins, their pride, their formality. He says, 'You need not have a cold heart; you need not stay in all that worldliness and selfishness.' And you can come forth because, when He gives you the command He gives you the power to come out.

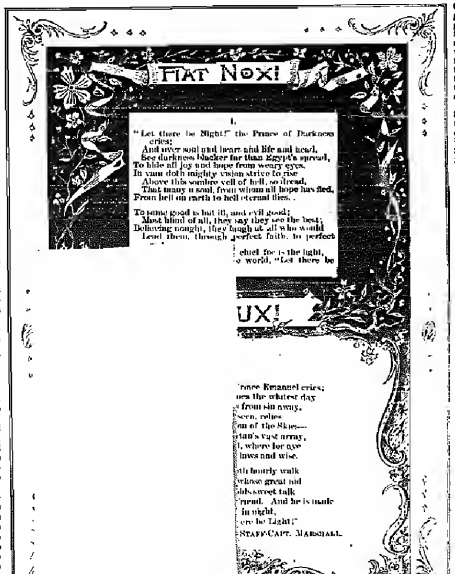
"Lazarus came

Shuffling Out in His Grave-Clothes.

Wasn't that a beautiful sight, when he who was dead one minute came out of his tomb the next! Some people say it is a long time to make a saint, but He can do it in a minute! Others of you have had your sins forgiven; you are standing at the door of the cave in your grave-clothes, hands tied up, feet tied up, face tied up, so that you cannot open your mouth. Jesus Christ does not wait you to stop all your time in your grave-clothes—with those inward sins binding and fettering you. Lazarus was not to go home in his grave-clothes, and talk about all his life in them; there was something better and more beautiful.

"*Jesus saith unto them, loose him.*"—"That is His message to every bound one here. He says, 'Loose him from that temper, that love of the world, that fear of his friends, and let him go!' So that if the Captain comes and says, 'I want to recommend you to the Candidates' Department to go to Jerusalem,' you will say, 'Hallelujah, here I am!' And if the Lord says, 'I think this is your Jerusalem,' and you find you cannot get away, you will be content to say, 'Glory, hallelujah! I will get to heaven from my own corps. I would rather get to heaven from Jerusalem, but the Chief won't send me there; never mind, I will go from here or from the Slums!'

"Perhaps there are some parents here to



Moose Jaw Moving.

During the past week our meetings have not been so well attended as usual, but the service every night in Methodist Church, together with carnivals and balls. But every time that did come was prayer and testimony, and one poor backslider came back to Jesus. One or two soldiers told in the meeting that they were saved in the Army, and were now five years in it, and were more determined to stay with it now than ever. We were all very much pleased with the way the Self-Denial engine scattered the devils off the track. One soldier said he hoped he would be able to succeed as well in making them fly. The Captain told the crowd they could have a try at the debt-devil, as we were about $3 behind with the rent. Wonderful conviction last night, but only the one mentioned would yield. We are sorry to send some will ship away their day of grace.—FRED W. GREEN.

A "Hard Seed" Saved at Belleville.

Again must we praise God for all His loving kindness and answers to prayer. In spite of the devil and his thousand and one devices to upset us, we are having continued victory.

A week ago Sunday, though a stormy day, was a time of great blessing, claimed from God on our knees at seven a.m. Cleared up at night, when we had a full house. One dear young fellow, who had got the unenviable reputation of being

A HARD SEED, VOLUNTEERED FROM THE BACK OF THE BUILDING

before the Ensign had concluded the invitation to sinners, and has since attended the meetings and testified to the saving and keeping power of God. Glory!

Farewell Sunday 25th inst. had a glorious day. At holiness meeting two came out for cleansing. Praise God. In the afternoon meeting two of the brethren, having been Salvationists for years, and having at last got the victory for guarney wearing, each put on the said article in the face of a large and appreciative audience, and announced their firm determination to be for ever afterwards blood-and-fire soldiers of the Cross and of the Salvation Army. Hallelujah!

In the night meeting we had victory. Captain Patterson, though laboring under great depression caused by a heavy cold, gave his farewell sermon, speaking very feelingly about his labors in Belleville, assuring the people that he left them with the consciousness that he had fulfilled his duty to God and to them. He then read I. Thess. i. 2-10, and gave the invitation with the blessed result that three precious souls came forward and claimed pardon. Glory to God.

OUR WAR CRYS all sold out before Saturday night, and we have the satisfaction this week of ordering an increased quantity, which the writer firmly believes is only a foretaste of what the Trade Secretary is to experience—at anyrate from Belleville.—Lieutenant POOR for Ensign BLACKCURN.

Good-bye, Ensign.

NORWICH.—Norwich has not been reported since Captain Wells and I took charge. However, during that time the war has been steadily going on. We have had a visit from Brigadier Holland. Of dates him; may be come again. We have also bid good-bye to Ensign Clark, and welcomed our new District Officer, Ensign Gale. At his welcome meeting a young man volunteered out to the penitent-form, gave God his heart, and called a few days after to know on what conditions he could join the Army. May God help him to fulfill the conditions. We have also had a special meeting at which some limelight views were shown. One man said he would rather have missed seeing them for 25 cents. I am sorry to say Captain Wells has had to farewell on account of poor health. We had a farewell tea, to which the people turned out well. The corps and I feel the loss very much. We are patiently waiting for Captain Scott to take charge. We have the fight of indifference to fight here, and we are fighting with all our might.—Lieutenant PEDDLE S. BENTLEY.

Reinforcements—Four Recruits.

PARIS—Sent on victory we fight away. Meetings are getting better.

Wednesday night Professor Cook came along with his lantern scenes. This was a most interesting service. The pictures were both charming and interesting. Quite a nice crowd came to see it, and were not disappointed, many wishing to have him return. One man said he would not have missed it for fifty cents, five times the price of it. Come again, Prof.

Thursday night we had with us the evangelist, Mr. Brownlow, who had been holding special services in the Methodist Church for a few weeks. He is a real Salvationist in every way but his dress, and that is a disguise. He is plain, his talk is plain, but he tells the truth, whether to Methodists or Salvationists. He hits them hard. The meeting was a real old time. We pray that God will bless him and make him a blessing to many souls.

Sunday all day, God was with us and blessed us. Band, prayer meeting, and holiness meeting were times of blessing to our souls.

Afternoon meeting was a real melon. The young Methodists or the young converts joined us, and clapped their hands and sang in fine style. Captain Dodd is a firm believer in unity. Crowds are getting better and interest growing deeper. Four recruits were enrolled under the good old flag, promising to be true to God and the Army. We prophesy they will remember the vows that they have taken and stand firm to God, and their post.—Wm. MCLAUGHLIN, S. C.

TESTAMENTS

At 10c., 20c., 40c., 60c., 80c., 85c., 60c. and 75c.

BIBLES

Small, medium and large sizes, with and without references, and Teachers' Bibles, at 15c., 75c., 75c., $1.00, $1.20, $1.40, $1.50, $2.00, $2.50, $3.00, $3.50, $4.00, $5.00, $6.00 and $6.50. Price List Free.

EAST ONTARIO PROVINCE

BRIGADIER SCOTT.

BELLEVILLE BUDGET FROM ENSIGN BLACKBURN.

Toes and Heels Heavenward

SLAYING GOLIATH.

Good Prayers and Good Hard-Wood.

FIVE UNDER THE FLAG.

IT IS FOR BRIGHTON OUTPOST I am announced on Friday, and I have to get to Trenton on very important business. How can I do it, Lieutenant? I must get a pair of skates and go on the ice to Trenton, and get the 12:20 train for Brighton, no time to delay.

SKATES ARE OFF AND OFF I START on my twelve mile trip. I had not had skates on for a long time, so I must say I cut a few figures and turned my toes and heels heavenward more than once. The ice was not in the best trim for tripping along, but after some hard struggling I reached my destination; time, about ninety minutes. I made strides for the quarters to get one of the officers to go to Brighton for the week-end, as Captain Horne was off to Omemee for special meetings.

THE OFFICERS, CAPTAIN PARSONS AND ENSIGN, were just going to bed when I asked them which of them were ready to go with me to Brighton. It was decided that Captain Verex would come. We met a boy in a rig and we asked if he would drive us to the station for a quarter; he said "Yes." We had not gone far before the horse turned badly; he would not go, so we had to step out and walk. All this time we were getting late for the train. We had another try in a big lumber wagon, but missed the train.

THE NEXT THING WE DO was to hire a rig and drive out, and we did, and got there all O.K. We had a splendid meeting, about twenty comrades out from Brighton, also a mouth-organ and brass band. Everybody seemed to be at home. I may say Brighton is going up—thirteen souls in two weeks.

BELLEVILLE. WE ARE HAVING a move on. Ten have been out in the same time. Fifteen ten more. Trenton, Trenton! Can any good come out of this place? Why yes. Two have been saved here.

CAPTAIN PARSON HAS JUST PREACHED her farewell sermon, and started off for beautiful Brockville. Our prayer is that God will bless her ministry there, and give her lots of souls.

CAPTAIN VEREX, one of the real old timers, late of the French war, has taken on the sling and stone here to slay the Goliaths in this place I trust. I had a very nice meeting here.

OFF FOR BLOOMFIELD at night, where Captain Carney was to farewell. We had a "Bee-hive of the Word" meeting. It woon off well.

CAPTAIN GARNEY GOES OFF TO NORWOOD with the prayers of his people. I hope they will give her some good hard-wood to keep her warm, and that she may see many souls saved. From Norwood I travelled to the noted Picton, where the old Veteran Savage has been stationed for over five months; he has had a good time, both himself and his little wife. I had the joy of enrolling five under the flag and commissioning ten local officers. It was a fine time. The comrades got up a farewell cup of tea; everything went off AI. We all say God bless the Captain and his wife in their new command.

CAPTAIN PATTERSON—I BEG HIS PARDON—ENSIGN PATTERSON, told me he had a good finish after a nine-months' fight in Belleville. He feels the parting very much, but I think all his tears are wiped away when he looks for the Shortcocks District by the eye of faith as the victories God is going to give him. God bless you, Ensign, we congratulate you on your promotion, and say it doth not appear what you shall be, but fight the battle through.

Morton's Harbor.

God has wonderfully blessed us since coming here a few days ago. Although having over a mile to walk to our barracks we have had two souls this week.

At our watch-night service, just as the new year dawned, one dear father, who had been away from the Lord fifteen months, sought and found pardon; and at the week-end another dear mother sought and found the Saviour. We are believing for mighty victories here this winter.—Captain HOLMES, Lieutenant NOSE.

Hip, hip, hip, Hurrah!—350—and One Soul.

WINCHESTER (Neepawa O.P.).—The devil from our vicinity have quaked as he heard this valley ringing from heaven over the victory just gained in this place. Owing to the coldness of the meeting-house, we decided to hold the meetings in the house of our comrade, Brother and Sister Rock. Our first meeting here was well attended, and the close-quarter fighting and short-range firing was not in vain, for more than one soul went home to think about what they had heard.

A week later, with the thermometer about thirty-five degrees below zero, we again set out for the outpost. The roads were exceedingly heavy, and the frosty wind seemed to have a special liking for my nose, but after a few hours plodding we got there, only to find that I was not expected. But we had a nice little crowd, and at the close a dear lad professed to get converted. Hallelujah! This more than repaid for the frozen nose, and made me feel like shouting, "Hip, hip, hurrah for the victory!"—Captain JOE ELLIOTT.

Pilley's Island, Newfoundland.

Praise God for victory all along. Since coming here in July many souls have sought and found mercy. Self Denial Week proved to be a most blessed time, and on last Sunday night

FOUR SOULS KNELT AT JESUS' FEET AND FOUND SALVATION,

and on the following Monday night two other prodigals came back to the fold.

Marchingorders have come and it seems very hard to leave this comfortable quarters and this place, but I have learnt to say, "I'll follow where Jesus leads." I would like to mention just here that the dear people of Pilley's Island deserve a word of praise for their good behavior and attention in the meetings. Never have I seen a more attentive audience than those who came to our different meetings, and scarcely a meeting but we could see the tears starting down the faces of old and young. God bless them abundantly, is the prayer of my heart. "Shall we meet beyond the river?"—Lieutenant BELLA HOLMES.

Two Provincial Ink-Slingers Take in Gananoque.

Teas, ink, paper, type-writer, books, and all the rest of the requisites that assist in getting through the enormous amount of work that one finds himself surrounded with at a Provincial Office, were thrown aside just in time to catch the train which very soon brought us in sight of our destination.

Saturday night, we had a great march and open air, with a crowd who stood in rapt attention listening to the songs and testimonies. A nice crowd had assembled for the barracks. Had a good, God-glorifying time with lots of music and singing.

Had a good, heart-ed ill Sunday morning, which was a refreshing time. Hitte was the holiness meeting, in which one soul came out and found a forgiving S.viour. Praise God!

Afternoon was a great time also, and every one seemed to enjoy the service. No one would yield.

A very fine crowd had gathered for the night meeting. The Spirit of God seemed to be present in a special manner and we had the joy of seeing one soul—

"ONE OF THE BOYS AT THE BACK"—WEEP HIS WAY TO THE MOURNER'S SEAT.

We trust the starting of this one will mean a revival among them, and sincerely pray that these boys, who are the strong body for God during this series of meetings, will be a true blood-and-fire warriors who will begin at once to break down the strongholds of the devil. Amen.

Halifax I.

On Monday night Adjutant Manton exhibited the limelight views of the Darkest England Social Reform Scheme. It was quite a treat, and made a good impression upon the people. A large number of "Grace-beforemeat," boxes were distributed after meeting. We had a visit from Staff-Captain Bennett, of the St. John District, on Thursday night. He is visiting other corps in the Division. Two souls sought pardon in our Friday night meeting.

On Sunday afternoon a good number of soldiers attended the funeral of Mrs. Hamill, a friend of the Salvation Army. She died suddenly while on her way home from one of our meetings. Oh, what a blessed thing it is to be ready when the Lord calls for us. Two souls sought pardon in the night meeting.—Band-Sergeant CASSIN.

Kentville, N.S., Circle Corps.

We are having victory. God is helping us. Last week we walked fifty-nine miles, drove fifty miles, visited eighteen families, led eleven meetings, and got three sinners forward for salvation. Blessed be God. We are believing for better times. Everybody scoped here hardly enough for church, but God is going to help us. I do believe, and the Lieutenant also.—Captain AMARO.

Farewell. A Very Eulogistic Report.

This is one of the saddest words in our English language, but what must it be to those who have no hope beyond the grave!

Captain Davidson said farewell to his soldiers and the many friends his pleasant, genial manner had won for him in our town, for he has won his way into the hearts of the ministers and people of the place. Especially did he show his zeal, talent and true Christian spirit during the mines meetings of the week of prayer and the temperance campaign that were held in our town in almost all the churches and the barracks. The earnest way in which he took part in these meetings helped still more to endear him to the people, so it was with sorrow we heard him announce that he had orders to farewell. But we feel that, like a good soldier, he is ready to obey orders, and we, too, must submit with as good grace as we can. The Army reminds us of the time when the church was "scattered everywhere preaching the Word," and we feel sure that Captain Davidson will preach the Word wherever he goes.

The meeting opened with a real Salvation Army swing. The Captain and his soldiers came in from the march with their faces shining, and they seemed so free and happy that some of the crowd almost envied them.

After prayer and testimony meeting the Captain spoke on the twentieth chapter of the Acts in a very able and tender manner. In spite of the many other attractions in the town the large barracks was well filled with friends from all denominations, and the hearty clapping of hands, and the fervent "God bless you, and prosper your work," testified in no small way that he carries away with him the best wishes and prayers of the best people of our town.

This is from one of the many who pray, "God bless Captain Davidson and the Salvation Army."

Three Penitents and Five Recruits at Renfrew.

Things are moving nicely here. Since last report three souls have come to Christ. Five healthy recruits enrolled under the colors on Thursday night. Hallelujah! More to follow. Christ's is our Captain.—L. LIPPIE.

Huntingdon has Victory.

The past week has been the best one of our stay in Huntingdon. Ensign Arkett and Captain Fox spent Saturday, Sunday and Monday with us. Our meetings were well attended. Sunday night, crowded to the door. *One back-slider came home.* Monday night our supper. Everything went off well. Thursday night a *brother came to Jesus and had his sins pardoned*, and is getting along well; has been on the march and platform since. Lieutenant and I farewell Sunday 23th, after four months' hard work, but had the victory.—F. L. HOLMAN, Captain.

Souls at Simcoe.

Wonderful capture of prisoners. Grand week-end.

SEVENTEEN AT THE CROSS ON SUNDAY NIGHT. TWO MORE ON MONDAY.

Praise God forever! There are greater victories ahead for this corps. Dare to believe. We are called upon this week to lay down the earthly remains of our sister who got saved just as 1893 was passing away—Sister Weiss. Saved last day in the year 1893, and passed away January 3rd. Oh, sinner, take warning, death is coming.—Ensign AYRE.

WEST ONTARIO PROVINCE

BRIGADIER HOLLAND

The Ensign On Her New District.

A TOUR ROUND.

Good-Bye, Orangeville.

IT WOULD NOT BE OUT OF PLACE to let you know a little about our movements in the Owen Sound District. We will start with District Headquarters. Here we are rising. The first soul to get saved after our taking charge was a terrible drunkard. Last night he said he was happier, he was happy, and, best of all, that he meant to go through. He has much to contend with, and should be prayed for. We have had seven souls, at different times, four Methodist ministers; one from town, one from the Station, one from Brooks, and one from Collingwood. All spoke most kindly of their feelings towards us and of blessing received at the meeting.

MR. A. VIVEN, brother to Captain Viven, now in heaven, took a meeting for us on Saturday, January 6th. One soul at the close. I fain will do anything I have got faith for this place. I mean to keep it up, or die believing.

WELLSTON IS THE FIRST PLACE I VISIT. I was announced for the third. At about noon our war horse, "Major," was on hand. He is not the swiftest traveller, but some would say some. However, I have those who drive him to settle that. I arrived in good time. Captain Rowe is stationed here. You all know him. You could not put the Captain where he would not shout. I enjoyed the meeting here immensely. No one was saved, but one sister raised her hand for prayer. The circle corps is quite an inspiration to this corps. Four souls reported this week.

CHESLEY FOR THE 13TH. Captain McLeod did his best in announcing. The result was that a good crowd turned out, some no doubt to see what a woman D. O. would be like. We all enjoyed ourselves anyway.

UNITY IS a market quality in this corps at the present time. May you ever keep it so, my comrades. The walls of prejudice will fall down before you, and you shall present the town to you: Hallelujah!

GOODERE, ORANGEVILLE. You now belong to the Central Ontario Province. We have never seen you, but have had a share in your victories. We have rejoiced with you. Lieutenant Sheard says you now have nine converts. Won't God make them into blood and fire soldiers. May God bless you always.

Yours, satisfied with Jesus,

A. GOODWIN, D. O.

Palmerston Pulling Up.

As I am leaving the district I thought I would send the WAR CRY a few lines. I know I should write oftener. [We hope you will come.—Ed.] God has been helping us during the nine months' stay here. Some have come to Jesus. Hallelujah! Then we have had our barracks somewhat improved by having a room made for the week-night meetings. Also we have been able to get up

A BRASS BAND,

which played both outside and in at our farewell meetings on Sunday, when we had good crowds, and best of all, *our soul rants to the Cross.* I have not got my appointment yet (Tuesday), but I am willing to follow God anywhere.

The district is doing very well considering the difficulties. Trade Good!—C. HALLEY, Ensign.

Cold Weather and Warm Hearts at Neepawa, Manitoba.

Hallelujah to God, we're living right, fairly on the devil's track. Souls convicted, almost a smash-up. Glory to God. In spite of surroundings we do believe we have some prepper soldiers here—soldiers that can face the battle when the temptations come thick and low. Sister Jones sacrificed a bit by strapping cold drum and marching with the thermometer at about twenty below. No sacrifice we could too dear. Captain Elliott returned from meeting at outposts, where his features were properly lacerated and distorted. Praise God, we're marching on. Although our crowds are small, finances the same, still we're expecting to be able to send to the WAR CRY glowing accounts from Neepawa.—Lieutenant PEARL E. MERRIS, for Captain Elliott.

ODDMENTS.

Determination is nothing unless it deepens into doing.

In ten days our Buenos Ayres Labor Office found work for fifty people.

Our New York Shelters are crammed nightly, and crowds are unable to get in.

What do you propose doing during 1894 that shall make you thoroughly well hated in hell?

"John Wesley said that he dared no more fret than he dared curse or swear."—Dr. Dale.

"Somebody's Daughters" is the title of the new yearly report of our Calcutta Rescue Work.

Five hundred of the very poor had free dinners at our Stockholm Food Depot on Christmas Day.

In the United Kingdom there are no less than 24,000 deaf mutes, 3,500 of whom live in London.

No wonder the people starve while the nations of Europe each year spend over £250,000,000 in militarism.

Four hundred and twenty-seven lives were saved from a watery grave last year by the efforts of our lifeboat crews.

More than 60,000 loaves of bread have been distributed by the Army in Chicago among the destitute and deserving poor.

Three Australian Army band boys lost their way in the bush, and nine precious souls were saved in consequence of their wanderings.

A London city missionary asked a woman if she had a Bible in the house. "Oh, yes!" was the reply, "we would not live without one." "Do you read it?" he asked. "No," she answered. "Then what do you keep it for?" he proceeded. "Oh, you see, sir, it's always ready in case of sickness."

"A mud hut in a sparse jungle. Here it was," says Mrs. Kear, "that Commissioner Tucker lived for two years at the commencement of Army work in India. I stood in that smoky little dwelling, and felt as travellers may when they visit the grotto of the nativity. One realizes that to serve others one has to empty one's self."

There is a famous corner in Toronto. The people call it the educational-legislation-salvation-damnation corner. On one corner is the University of Canada, on another the handsome residence of the lieutenant-governor, on the third is a splendid Protestant church, while on the fourth is a saloon.—*Rum's Horn.*

Among the recent converts at Bournemouth, Eng., was an Eastbourne rioter and persecutor of the Army. After his conversion he said: "Friends, you remember the riots. I was there; perhaps you remember me." Some comrade shouted: "Yes, I do." Then the new convert said he was going back to Eastbourne to tell how he had at last been saved.

The Labor Bureau in connection with the Food and Shelter Work of San Francisco is proving valuable in more ways than was expected. It has enabled the officers in charge to classify the unemployed of that city, particularly so as to distinguish those who are willing to work from those who are unworthy of assistance, because they would not work if employment was given them.

Still up to date!—Consider, and you will find that almost all the transactions of the time of Vespasian differed little from those of the present day. You there find marrying and giving in marriage, educating children, sickness, death, war, joyous holidays, traffic, agriculture, factories, insolent pride, suspicion, laying of plots, nonsmoogers, lovers, misers, men canvassing for consulships. Yet, all these passed away and are now here.—MARCUS AURELIUS.

A California woman who had used tobacco from childhood took offence because she thought the captain of her corps dealt too severely with that question. She left the meeting in hot haste, abused her husband until he backsliddi and went to drinking, and then she began to reflect that, after all, tobacco must be a power for the devil if the mere agitation of the question could cause her so much trouble, and a few nights later found both her and her husband at the penitent-form seeking absolute cleanliness, and they got complete victory.

The population of India is largely rural. In hundreds and thousands of villages there is a distinct mass movement towards Christianity. There are millions who would speedily become Christians if messengers of Christ could reach them, take them by the hand, and lead them into all Christian living. Most of these people belong to the depressed classes. They are none the less heirs to our common salvation, and whatever admixture of less spiritual motives may exist, God Himself is stirring their hearts and turning their thoughts toward the things which belong to His kingdom.

WHAT IS DRINK?—It is damnable, treacherous, heart-deceiving, soul-destroying, Christ-rejecting, God-denying, Holy-Ghost-blasphoming, peace-overthrowing, and life-taking.

WHAT DRINK DOES.—A breaker-up of happy homes, a love-quencher, a discouraged, a good-influence-eradicator; in short, it is your worst enemy, separating husband from wife, father from son, mother from daughter, brother from sister, friend from friend.

Shun it as you would a stinging adder. Shun it as from an angry lion or tiger, run from it as from a raging fire. Dash the sparkling cup from your lips as you would have done poison, for death is in it, and everlasting death has hidden in its drags.—N. SEAFIELD.

A story is told of an old Fijian chief and an English earl—an infidel—who visited the islands. The Englishman said to the chief: "You are a great chief, and it is really a pity that you have been so foolish as to listen to the missionaries, who only want to get rich among you. No one now a-days would believe any more in that old book which is called the Bible; neither do men believe that story about Jesus Christ; people know better now, and I am only sorry for you that you are so foolish." Then to both the earl and the old chief's eyes flashed and he said: "Do you see that great stone over there? On that stone we smashed the heads of our victims to death. Do you see that man who never ponder? In that oven we roasted the human bodies for our great feasts. Now, you! you—I will not say—"Do you read it?" he asked. "No," she answered. "Then what do you keep it for?" he proceeded. "Oh, you see, sir, it's always ready in case of sickness."

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Pluckings from the Prairie Province.

"NECESSITY IS THE MOTHER of invention." That is the explanation of the action of Cadet Hanna, who, rather than let his horses go uncleaned and uncomfortable while on our recent 200-mile trip round the Brandon District, combed them down with a tuck-saw. "Tis a queer problem that the S. A. cannot solve.

DEAR CAPTAIN MCGILL, who for six years has bravely, faithfully and loyally fought "south the yellow, red and blue" in the Western Province, is, we deeply regret to state, compelled by home circumstances to withdraw for a time as an officer. He, however, will "stick to the Army," and will be placed on the Brigadier's list for special work whenever it is possible for him to leave his home for a few days. We sympathize with you, Captain McGill.

CAPTAIN DAVIDSON and Lieutenants A. Davidson and Comstock are "played out," and are going on rest, each for a few weeks. Lieutenant Tuckle is slightly improving, but is nothing like fit to resume her official duties. Will you kindly remember these comrades when you pray?

A SCHEME IS ON FOOT in the inner circles which will greatly affect the Western Province, and will mean a big change for Captains —— and Lieutenants ——. It goes through. It will be well for you, my comrade officer, to be prepared to part from home and friends on the altar as never before. Sing

"Anywhere for Jesus!"

and so get the victory before this comes to pass. The N. W. U. may settle matters anyway, but it is well to live in the spirit of the chorus we sometimes sing:

"Yes, I'll go, I'll go the ready."

HOW FEW PEOPLE, COMPARATIVELY, really understand the Salvation Army. This is not a great surprise after all, when you discover that this is most lamentable fact, that more than half our own soldiers, and a certain percentage of our officers even, do not understand it themselves. Do you ask why? They have not taken the trouble to read our publications. If you want to get a good insight, there are four books that will fix you up splendidly, and which you can get from the Western Trade Depot. They are as follows:

1. "The Life of Mrs. Booth," by Commissioner Booth-Tucker.
2. "Darkest England," by the General.
3. "Doctrines and Discipline," by the General.
4. "Field Officers," by the General.

Concerning the last named book, there is an impression abroad that it is only intended for officers' use. In the general order, by the General, concerning it, however, which order is to be found at the beginning of the book, paragraph No. 4, makes it very clear. It reads as follows: "We therefore expect every field officer, every candidate for that position, and all soldiers who are thoroughly in earnest and who have the opportunity, carefully to study and familiarize themselves with this book, and by God's help carry out the purposes it expresses in every part of the world."

THE WORK IS BOOMING at Fort Arthur. The barracks is packed to overflowing almost every night. Eleven souls is the record for week ending January 11th. Too for the week following. Keep booming, Captain Milner.

CANDIDATES are still urgently needed. There are enough young men and women to flood this province with Salvation Army officers and to put us into a position to say to other leaders, "Our station boat of officers is full, and we have several to spare, how many do you want?" Now, my comrade, will you, once and for all, put self, and home, and friends, and circumstances all on the altar and "let God have His way with you?" See the Brigadier when he is at your corps, and send in your application in the meantime.

CAPTAIN SMITH, OF CARBERRY, claims that he is both happy and well off. He says—"Our kind friend, ——, the butcher, gives us freely all the meat we can eat—good meat at that. We are convinced that to eat all we can of the potatoes our landlord has in the cellar of the house we live in, and we have a good quantity of flour in stock." The Carberry soldiers, I understand, have agreed together to spend a quarter of an hour daily in special prayer for the salvation of souls. That is good. Some faith and works, dear comrades, and down comes the devil's kingdom.

Two officers were to visit a dying soldier of the Salvation Army recently. The mother of the dying boy met us his bedside, and giving him the name of the officer beating the highest rank, asked him if he would like to see that individual. The sick boy was somewhat unconscious, but hearing to his mother he faintly said, "Yes, I would like to see him, if he has a garnet on." Since then the lover of the red has gone to wear a white robe before the King, and has, I believe, been accorded an Army garnet.

OUR TWO SIX CADETS now in the Brandon Training Garrison, three were formerly farmers, one a sailor, one a fisherer, and one a mounted policeman. We catch all kinds of fish to the Salvation Army.

THE BRIGADIER'S present tour will carry him through till about the 20th of March, after which, all being well, you may expect to "hear of wars and rumors of wars" in Manitoba.

J. B. MAGNETS.

Didn't Know What He Meant.

BRANDON GARRISON.—I was heating up a place to hold a cottage prayer meeting the other night, and after going to about sixteen houses and hearing all the different excuses, I came to one that capped all I knocked at the door and the gentleman came to the door.

"Good evening, sir!"

"Good evening!"

"May I step inside a minute, please?"

"Yes."

"Thank you. I am looking for a place on this street to hold a prayer meeting to-morrow night, and I thought perhaps you would not mind us having it here."

"Well, there is an empty house over the road you could get a fire in it, and have it there."

"Well, sir, we only want it for about an hour."

"Did you buy Mrs. ——?"

"No, not yet."

"Did you buy next door?"

"Yes, and it was not convenient. Couldn't we have it here?"

"No!"

"Thank you, sir. Are you converted?"

"What's that?"

"Why, are you converted?"

"Don't know what you mean?"

"Do you love God?"

"Don't know."

"Are you ready to die?"

"What, have you got a pistol in your pocket. Are you going to shoot me? You have a dose—check coming to people's houses and talking like that. Go out, or I'll put you out."

"Good night, brother. God bless you!"

"God bless nothing!" were the last words I heard as he shut the door.

But I intended to get a place by God's help, and after going to nearly every house, I found a lady who kindly let us have her parlor God bless her. We had a glorious time, and God came and blessed everyone of us. Glory to His name for ever!—Cadet A. WILKINS.

Freeport, N. S.

We are still doing all we can to destroy the works of darkness and extend God's kingdom. The fight has been hard of late in the soul-saving line, but God has given us the victory in sending

ONE POOR BACKSLIDER RETURNING TO HIS FATHER'S FOLD.

To God we give the glory. We are believing for others.

We have good crowds and some good soldiers, also some good hearted people. God bless them! We are praying for their conversion. Prayer and faith will conquer, praise God. We are in for victory.—Lieutenant HUTT for Captain TAYLOR.

LOST FRIENDS' COLUMN.

To the Distressed.

The Salvation Army invites parents, relations and friends, in any part of the world, interested in any woman or girl who is known or feared to be living in immorality, or is in danger of coming under the control of immoral persons, to write, stating full particulars, with names, dates and addresses of all concerned, and, if possible, a photograph of the person to whom the interest is taken.

We shall charge 25 cents for two advertisements (25 cents for one) if not more than five lines each. One dollar will be charged for anything above this and not exceeding ten lines. This is necessary to pay expenses of time and printing.

We are prepared to receive inquiries from any person. The fullest possible particulars should always be given in correspondence relating to these inquiries so as to avoid delay and expense. The number of the advertisement should in every case be quoted.

All letters will be regarded as strictly confidential, and must be addressed to Eleanor R. Hoare, Commandant, S. A. Temple, Albert St., Toronto, with the word "Inquiry" on the corner of the envelope.

Note.—Don't forget that the sum of fifty cents must be sent with each case before it can be dealt with. This will save much trouble.

Persons making inquiries for lost friends through our Inquiry Department will kindly remember to keep us posted in the event of changing their address. This is most important.

1352 **McLeod, Alexander.** A native of Ferrenach, Ireland. Last heard of eight years ago in Sydney, Australia. Any information thankfully received at 378 Victoria Street, Toronto. Australian and New Zealand Cry please copy.

1271 **Sanderson, Richard Hart.** Left home four or five years ago. Last heard of about four years ago, then living at 227 Church Street, Toronto, c.o. Mrs. Chandler. Supposed to have gone to Chicago or Boston. Used to drive an engine in a battery factory. Age 31, very fair, light hair, height 5 feet 7 inches. His wife is very anxious for news. U.S. Cry please copy.

1143 **McCormick, James.** Left Port Chalmers, New Zealand, for London, on the ship, "Duke of Sutherland," about eighteen months ago. He always attends the Salvation Army meetings when on shore. Age 21, height 5 feet 8 inches, fair complexion. His mother is very anxious. English Cry please copy.

1213 **Thiltcrick, Thomas.** Left England ten years ago. Last heard of in Australia about two years ago. He was a member of the Salvation Army. His sisters are very anxious for news. Address: 749 St. James St., Montreal. Australian Cry please copy.

1384 **Mullingar, Wm. J.** Will you, or anyone knowing of his whereabouts, please write at once to Salvation Army, 120 Mare Street, Hackney, London, Eng. In case of death please forward date and locality of same. Age about 42, stout, dark eyes, dark complexion, very bald.

1385 **Howells, William.** Left Castleford, Yorkshire, for Ontario, early in 1893. Last heard of in April, 1893. Address was then Cache Bay P. O. St. Bolan's Camp. A letter has been received from the Postmaster saying that he left St. Bolan's Camp in February, 1893, and went further on the line of G.P.R. Supposed to have been at one of the camps at Chelmsford. Age 20, dark hair and eyes, height 5 feet 9 inches. His mother is very anxious.

75 AND OVER.

! ! ! !

50 AND OVER.

Sergeant Martin Armstrong, St. John III	70
Lieutenant Pugh, Belleville	56
Herbert Cook, North Sydney	50

60 AND OVER.

Captain Rutledge, Oshawa	65
Lieutenant Tuttle, St. John I	60
Father Bloor, Toronto	60

50 AND OVER.

Captain Prince, St. John I	55
Sergeant Major Ballantyne, Belleville	52
Lieutenant Beckett, Orillia	52

40 AND OVER.

Sergeant Major Hawkins	50
Sergeant Major Hainer, St. Johns I	47
Captain McKendrick, Barrie	47
Mrs. Major Ingersoll	45
Lieutenant Morrison, Barrie	42
Sergeant Major Johnston, Hull	42

MONEY TO LOAN.

Friends having large or small amounts to loan, at low interest, on good security, should write at once to

THE FINANCIAL SECRETARY,
Salvation Temple,
Toronto.

. . A SERIES . .

— OF —

THREE SPECIAL HOLINESS MEETINGS

WILL BE HELD IN THE

Young Women's Christian Association Hall,

On Elm Street, Toronto,

ON THE EVENINGS OF **FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 16th & 23rd,**

Commencing at 8 o'clock.

COMMANDANT and MRS. BOOTH,

ASSISTED AS FAR AS POSSIBLE BY

Brigadier and Mrs. Holland

and MAJOR COMPLIN,

(late of Australia) our newly-appointed WAR CRY Editor, will conduct these gatherings.

Staff-Captains FRIEDRICH, FRY, STREETON and JEWER, Headquarters and Social Staff, Officers and Soldiers of the Temple and Yorkville Corps and numbers of other Christians, Auxiliaries and Friends especially invited.

A Hearty Invitation to All.

THE HEAVENLY GALES WILL BLOW, COME EXPECTING.

BRIGADIER MARGETTS

will visit and conduct some

Old - Fashioned, Soul - Saving Campaigns

. . . AT: . . .

VICTORIA—Friday, Saturday and Sunday, February 16th, 17th and 18th.
VANCOUVER—Monday and Tuesday, February 19th and 20th.
CEDAR VALLEY AND MISSION—Wednesday, February 21st.
ALDERGROVE—Thursday, February 22nd.
OTTER AND CLAYTON—Friday, February 23rd.
NEW WESTMINSTER — Saturday and Sunday, February 24th and 25th.
CALGARY—Wednesday, February 28th.
EDMONTON—Friday to Monday, March 2nd to 5th.
MOOSE JAW—Thursday and Friday, March 8th and 9th.
PRINCE ALBERT—Sunday to Wednesday, March 11th to 14th.
MOOSOMIN—Friday, March 16th.

UNIFORM and PUBLICATIONS will be on hand at the close of each meeting.

The Social Limelight Tour

IN THE

EASTERN PROVINCE.

Adjt. MANTON and Capt. WATSON

are visiting the under-mentioned places with their Limelight scenes of Darkest England and Mrs. Booth's Memorial Service, and are delivering at each place a stock of "Grace-before-Meat" Boxes. Local agents will be appointed at each corps. Will you help feed and clothe Lazarus? They will visit:

DIGBY—Tuesday and Wednesday, February 13th and 14th.
ST. JOHN III.—Thursday and Friday, February 15 and 16th.
ST. JOHN I.—Saturday, Sunday and Monday, February 17th, 18th and 19th.
ST. JOHN V.—Tuesday and Wednesday, February 20th and 21st.
ST. JOHN II.—Thursday and Friday, February 22nd and 23rd.
CARLETON—Saturday, Sunday and Monday, February 24th, 25th and 26th.
NORTH HEAD—Tuesday and Wednesday, February 27th and 28th.

Central Ontario Province.

The Headquarters for the Central Ontario Province is, corner Lippincott and Ulster Streets. The Post Office, to which all monies will be made payable, is 454 Bloor Street, Toronto.

Holiness ! Holiness !

MRS. BRIGADIER DE BARRITT,

assisted by Mrs. Staff-Captain Jewer, Mrs. Ensign Phillips and other city officers, has renewed her

HOLINESS MEETINGS

every Friday afternoon, in the Temple, at 3 o'clock. You are earnestly invited to be present and assist at these blessed gatherings.

SPECIAL OFFER !

For the Next Six Weeks Only

WE WILL SELL OUR

$19.00 Irish Serge Suits at **$18.00**

net. Send in your order at once if you want to take this opportunity.

If our stock should be sold out by that time we cannot continue the offer.

SUITS ! PANTS ! TUNICS !

GOODS	SUIT	PANTS	TUNIC
F.F. Cockscrew	$20.00	$7.00	$12.00
F. & Irish Serge	20.00	7.00	12.00
C.X. English Serge	18.00	6.50	12.50
W. Worsted	18.00	6.50	12.50
F.W. "	18.00	6.50	12.50
M.E. Irish Serge	19.00	6.60	12.50
M.A. Frize "	19.00	6.50	12.50
F. I. Irish "	18.00	6.00	12.00
T. English "	18.00	6.00	12.00
K. " "	17.00	5.50	11.50
F.I. " "	17.00	5.50	11.50
B.W. Worsted	17.00	5.50	11.50
Y. Canadian Serge	10.00	3.25	6.75
O. English "	11.00	3.50	7.00
Y.W. Worsted	11.00	3.50	7.00

Trimmings for Bandsmen $2.50 per suit extra. (Pants, 60c.; Tunic, $1.50.)

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Made to Order at $7.50, $8.00, $9.00 and $9.50
Ready Made Women's Rainproofs at - $4.50

SAMPLES ON APPLICATION.

OVERCOATS and ULSTERS.

GOODS	OVER-COAT.	CAPE.	ULSTER WITH CAPE.
C.N. Fur	$11 50	$3 50	$11 50
F. " Helios	13 50	4 00	13 00
F.C. " "	15 00	4 50	15 00
F.C. " "	18 00	5 00	16 00
A. " Beaver	20 00	5 00	18 00
C. " Helios	19 50	4 50	18 00
F.I. " Beaver	20 00	5 00	18 00
F.X. " "	20 00	5 00	18 00
A.X. " "	19 00	5 00	18 00
G. " Helios	20 00	5 00	18 00
G. " Beaver	16 00	4 00	15 00

N. B.—If Overcoat with Cape is desired add first and second collarettes together. Orders are made with short Cape; if a Long Cape is desired an extra charge from $1 to $1.50 will be made. Samples free on application.

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Reports of their Welcome Meetings, etc.

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For January.

"Speak to My Heart," by Staff-Captain Slater.
"Ready for Marching Orders."
"We Consecrate it Now to Thee."
"Vows Beneath the Flag."
"When You Find the Cross is Heavy."
Etc., Etc.

PRICE 10 CENTS.

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THANKS.

The Commissioner desires to gratefully acknowledge the following Gifts and Donations towards the Social Wing:

WOMEN'S RESCUE HOME.—Mr. Carter, $1.25; Mrs. Hinsey, $1; Mrs. Robinson, clothing; Mr. Pengilly, mattress; Mr. Bromley, cot and mattress; Brother Carlton, bread; Mrs. Hinsey, provisions; Mr. Gibson, coal.

WOMAN'S SHELTER, TORONTO.—E. Hodgins, $1.25; Gurney Coal Co., $1; J. H. Ealy, in coal, $1; T. Fletcher, tins; Kirman, tin; Mr. Brown, coal, kindling and shovel; Marks & Clapp, office; Mrs. Rick, friend, card, two cups and saucers; Friends, etc., cretonne; Friends, meat and apples; Friends, 50c.; Friend, $1; Friend, coffee; Mrs. Hinsey, bread; Mr. Wilson, meat; Mr. Hawkins, meat; a Friend, bread; Friends, meat, bread, beans; Friends, etc.; parcel of clothing; parcel of clothing.

Notice to Emigrants.

Emigrants for the Golden City should lose no time in having their berths secured, as ONLY ONE vessel can ever succeed in reaching that place.

NAME OF VESSEL.—"Gospel Ship."—Romans i. 16.

PORT WHICH IT LEAVES.—City of Destruction.—II. Peter iii. 10.

TIME OF SAILING.—To-day.—Heb. iii. 7.

THE FARE.—Without money and without price.—Is. lv. 1.

CAPTAIN'S NAME.—Jesus Christ.—Heb. ii. 10.

CREW.—Workers together.—II. Cor. vi. 1.

PASSENGERS.—Sinners saved by grace.—Romans iii. 24.

SEA OVER WHICH IT PASSES.—Time.—Rev. x. 6.

LIGHTHOUSE.—Holy Scripture.—Psalm cxix. 105.

COMPASS.—Truth.—John viii. 32.

SAILS.—Faith and love.—II. Thes. i. 3, 4, 5.

ANCHOR.—Hope.—Heb. vi. 19.

Passengers are supplied with everything on their journey. "My God shall supply all your need."—Phil. iv. 19.

ALL ARE invited. The vessel affords ample accommodation.—Luke xiv. 22.

WAR CRY

AND OFFICIAL GAZETTE OF THE SALVATION ARMY IN CANADA AND NEWFOUNDLAND.

VOL. X. No. 21. [WILLIAM BOOTH, General of the S. A. Forces throughout the world.] TORONTO, FEB. 24, 1894. [HERBERT H. BOOTH, Commissioner for Canada and Newfoundland.] PRICE 5 CENTS.

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And death—eternal life—eternal death—
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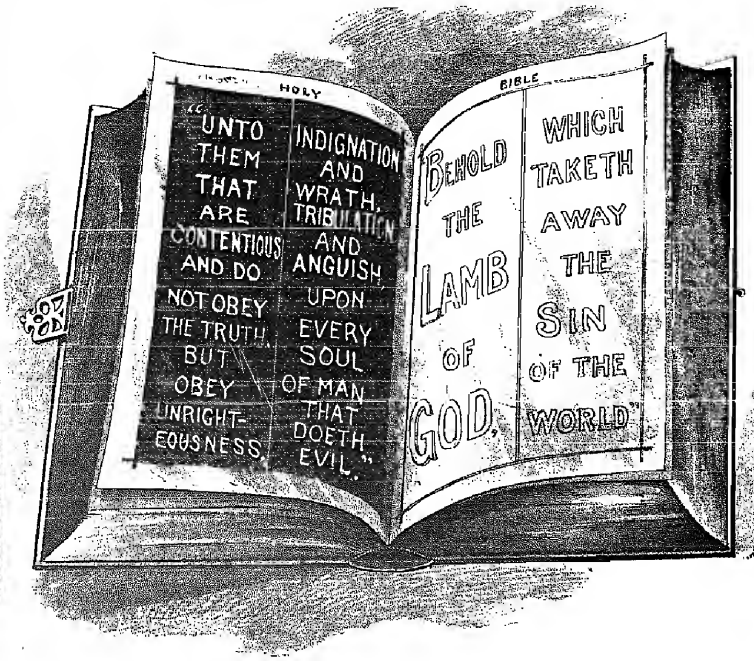

Star of eternity! the only star
By which the bark of man can navigate—
The sea of life, and gain the coast of bliss
Securely: only star, which rose on time,
And, on its dark and troubled billows, still,

As generations, drifting swiftly by,
Succeeded generation, threw a ray
Of Heaven's own light, and to the hills of God—
The eternal hills—pointed the sinner's eye.

—R. POLLOCK.